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The Week.

DURING the past week there has not been much business done in Congress. Occasionally the debate is lively. Mr. Wood denounced the Reconstruction bill as "infamous," and the Fortieth Congress as equally "infamous," and was by a vote of the House ordered a reprimand, which was administered by the Speaker. His haughty dignity of demeanor, the scorn in his eye, and the scathing contempt revealed in his attitude and in every lineament of his face—the correspondent of the *Herald* says—gave him decidedly the advantage over his Radical foes. On the same day Mr. Farnsworth got himself into trouble by a display of ill-manners not very dissimilar, but escaped censure by apologizing. Mr. Bingham and Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Washburne and Mr. Ross, likewise enlivened the speech-making by personalities that would be not unamusing if Messrs. Ross, Washburne, Bingham, and the others were not representatives in Congress. On Thursday, Mr. Axtell, in the House, offered a resolution directing the Library Committee to enquire into the subject of international copyright, and the best modes of encouraging the production of cheap literature and protecting the interests of authors. Literary men will govern themselves accordingly; and not impossibly a report not dishonorable to Congress, if not a law honorable to Congress and the country, may be got before the adjournment. On Friday and Saturday reconstruction was again talked about in the House. The Senate was not in session those days. On Monday it was not long in session, and discussed the case of Mr. Thomas, and, incidentally to that case, the whole range of reconstruction legislation.

The new Reconstruction bill, converting the South into a single military district, and putting General Grant in control of it, passed the House on Tuesday, the principal speakers in its favor being Messrs. Boutwell and Bingham. Mr. Boutwell denounced the reactionary movement at the North, and said the result of it would be that opposition candidates would be returned to Congress at the South, and "the gates would be

opened to allow repudiation and the assumption of Southern debts." He thought, however, that the reaction at the North was but temporary. It may be temporary; but we greatly fear it may last long enough to do more mischief than he will be able to repair. Mr. Garfield also made a speech, in which he gave the usual promise that the majority "would take no step backward," declared the President "the subordinate of Congress," and announced that Alabama would be in the Union, clothed and in her right mind, by February next, and that seven more States were now holding conventions, and two had ordered conventions to be held. We are quite satisfied the present majority will take no step backward. It is not for want of courage that anybody finds fault with them. What we fear about them is, that they are acting in such a way as to let the Democrats into power, and then the Democrats will take two or three steps backward, which will amount to just the same thing for all practical purposes as if the Republicans took them. For instance, have the Ohio Republicans receded from any position they ever held? Not an inch; yet there is a Democratic majority in the Legislature which has just taken a very decided step backward, by repealing the resolution ratifying the Constitutional Amendment of last year. What practical difference does it make who does this sort of thing, provided it is done? And what is the use of the Republican leaders bragging to us of their "courage" if their "courage" simply hastens the delivery of the citadel to the enemy? Some of them have become so befogged that they really seem to feel that the struggle at Washington is a kind of tournament carried on in the main for the honor and glory of the party, and not to secure certain practical political results.

Mr. Bingham's last speech on the bill was very effective, and appears to have thrown the Washington correspondents into ecstasies, but it reads exactly like a college "oration," and touched nearly every point except the one on which the country needs to have light thrown. It was, as reported in the daily papers at least, entirely devoted to proving what has been proved from one thousand to fifteen hundred times during the past two years, that the war destroyed the local governments at the South, that it is the duty of the general Government to reconstruct the local governments on the basis of freedom and equality, and that the work of reconstruction has to be done with the aid of the military arm. But then we were all agreed about these things long ago, and three bills have been passed already for the purpose of reconstructing on these terms, and the first one has been in operation for nearly a year, and the work of reconstruction under them has been, we are assured, both by the press and the politicians, going on satisfactorily. General Garfield, to whom Mr. Boutwell yielded the floor, in this very debate gave the best possible account of its progress. He expects one State back in the Union in February, and says seven others are preparing to come. What the public wants to hear about this last bill, therefore, is some proof of its necessity. We know all about "the guilt of the rebellion," "the inalienable rights of man," the opinions of "that profound thinker Montesquieu" on the judiciary, etc., etc. What we want to know now is, What are the precise reasons for bringing in this Reconstruction Bill No. 4? Have the others proved failures? Is reconstruction not going on under them? What has Mr. Johnson or General Hancock done to retard reconstruction which this new bill will prevent or remove? Is not the mere introduction of it, without strong and palpable cause, calculated to shake the confidence of the North in the wisdom of the majority and the confidence of the South in its sincerity? What new facts have come to light about Mr. Johnson since last July which make so great and sudden a change as this bill involves even desirable? If Mr. Bingham will answer these ques-

tions, which we ask in perfect honesty and simplicity, we promise to "crowd round him during the delivery of his speech," as the correspondents say, "and congratulate him warmly at the close."

There was a very amusing tussle in the House on Thursday between Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Bingham, the former wanting to know what "pre-existing government" Mr. Boutwell proposed to guarantee by the new Reconstruction bill, and the latter trying to answer, but, as his custom is, in tropes and similes, and Mr. Eldridge refusing to allow him. Mr. Eldridge is not himself a master of rhetoric by any means, inasmuch as on this very occasion "words failed him to denounce the bill with the feelings and emotions which inspired him," whatever this may mean. But he did good service in trying to prune Mr. Bingham's oratory. It is really too luxuriant for this latitude and these times. There is unquestionably a close connection between the state of a man's mind and the language in which he expresses himself, and nobody, we assert without hesitation, can have the mental balance, the respect for facts, and the discipline of faculties necessary for the profitable discussion of the great questions now before the country whose brain is as much burdened with metaphors and epithets as Mr. Bingham's. No statesman—that is, no man whose *opinion* on political affairs is carefully formed—talks in this way in our day. Orators were flowery and involved and statelily in the seventeenth century, but this was excusable in men who learned and thought and wrote in Latin. In our time such talk simply argues mental inflammation, and puts everybody on his guard who believes language ought to express thought.

Democrats and people of Democratic leanings seem to have been, during the past week, greatly troubled lest Mr. Stanton should not resign, and by way of inducing him to do it, they have painted in dark colors the "bad taste" of staying in when the President did not want him, and they appeal feelingly to his "gentlemanly instincts." If Mr. Stanton were to resign now, however, out of regard for the *convenances*, it would put his conduct in refusing to resign when the President first asked him in a very ridiculous light, as it would suggest the inference that he simply stayed in to spite him, and would reduce the contest between the President and Congress on this question to a war of children for the mastery. The object of the Tenure of Office bill, we believe, was not simply to snub the President, but to prevent his using his power for the confusion of the legislature and the frustration of its policy at a very important crisis, and so far as it related to Mr. Stanton at all its object was not that he should stay in because the President did not like him, but that he should stay in to secure the proper performance of certain official duties. The stories that have been in circulation of Grant and Sherman having advised him to resign, assume that these gentlemen are not overburdened with business of their own, or do not like attending to it.

The Supreme Court has decided that it will take up the McCordle case in March, by which time it is to be hoped the friends of the bill now pending for the regulation of the court will be less anxious for its passage. The Senate will doubtless at the same time let the bill lie by for the present, and we are not without hopes that we may never hear more of it. If it be desirable to make secure of Congress against judicial usurpation in the manner proposed, let it be done in quiet times, or, if these are not within reach, at least without reference to any particular case. The New York *Tribune* supports the bill by the argument that inasmuch as two hundred men, many of them "better jurists" than any on the bench, concur in passing an act of Congress, it is monstrous to allow the vote of a single judge to set it aside. There is something in this, but the argument might have been made stronger. The majority in Congress is not only more numerous than the majority of the Supreme Court, but *weighs* more in avoidance. Surely this ought not to be overlooked, especially in a case in which the "political enfranchisement of a race of four millions" is involved. The consideration to which we called attention last week, that this bill, and all bills like it, are weapons which a Democratic majority will use just as eagerly as a Republican majority, and under cover of which the rights of the colored people may be grossly assailed as well as defended, is, we

are glad to see, being urged by the press in various parts of the country. Nobody who looks forward a few years can help being impressed by it, and when the days of Democratic rule come Mr. Bingham's rhetoric will not help us. In fact, the fountains of his eloquence will probably be sealed up by the "previous question" or a "five-minute rule."

At the South, this week, perhaps the most prominent figure is General Meade, who continues to confound the politics of the Georgia conservatives, and has made them all extremely angry. They seem to have thought that Mr. Johnson knew his man thoroughly, and that it was because of Meade's conservative opinions that Pope was so summarily ousted. Pope's disgrace caused an immediate meeting of the Democratic club of Atlanta; and these worthies passed, with rejoicing, some resolutions conceived in the worst possible taste and expressed in Confederate English. Pope was denounced in a long preamble; the President was thanked in the first resolution for removing him from command, and in the second Meade was styled a gentleman and a soldier, and a line of policy was kindly marked out for him. In short, he was given to understand that he was not only confidently expected to be anti-Republican, but that he would do well to walk heedfully in the presence of gentlemen who had just decapitated his predecessor. All the plans and expectations have failed mournfully. General Meade's address to the convention showed plainly that he is not at all what Mr. Johnson would call a Johnson man, or Mr. Seymour a Democrat, or Mr. Vallandigham a patriot American. Then came his collision with Governor Jenkins and the State Comptroller, officials of the provisional government, who denounce as unconstitutional the convention now sitting by authority of Congress, and are resolved that at any rate the members shall not be paid. As regards the law, Meade seems to have as much the advantage of his antagonists as he has in fact. Mr. Jenkins is out of office certainly; and will probably stay out till the Supreme Court pronounces the reconstruction legislation unconstitutional and persuades Congress to yield its legislative power. As to the law, Governor Jenkins pleads an enactment which, as the Southern States are at present, is of so much force as it may please the military governor to give it. Governor Jenkins has lost his office by pre-deciding the question of the constitutionality of the reconstruction law, but that he has gained anything we do not see.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, has been issuing "views" on the finances which, though not valuable, are worth reading. He is in favor of paying the bondholders in currency, of course, his argument being that one promise of the Government is as good as another; but then the bond does not promise another promise—it promises cash. He also, as might be expected, is in favor of a fresh issue of greenbacks. "What we want," he says, "is high prices and low taxes, and the way to attain them is to have cheap money and plenty of it." He thinks, moreover, that by issuing plenty of greenbacks, you can bring down the interest on loans from eighteen per cent., where it appears it now stands in Kentucky. When one finds a man of Mr. Marshall's age and position laboring under the delusion that "high prices" in paper are really high prices, and that the rate of interest depends on the quantity of the currency, one does not well know what to say. But one thing we feel certain about. If we held his "views" on money, we should advocate the issue of just as much legal tenders as could be printed inside the next twelve months. Not only would we issue enough to bring interest down to seven per cent., but to nothing. We would issue enough to give every man so much money of his own that he would never need to borrow at all, and the usurer's occupation would be gone. More than this—we would issue enough to enable every man to retire from business and devote himself to self-culture. To have human beings toiling in mills and forges and on farms when a few turns of a printing-press would enable them to be their own banker and travel in Europe, is worse than a blunder; it is a crime. It begins to be clearer every day that the inflationists have discovered the philosopher's stone. Mr. Marshall tells the people they have "voices and votes," and urges them to use them. So do we; but we advise them, when asking for a fresh issue of paper, not to limit themselves to a paltry thousand millions. One hundred thousand dollars for each

white head of a house is the very lowest demand they ought to make on the Treasury. Let the people speak out in tones of thunder.

If the great want of the time be more greenbacks, and if the more there are issued the better off we shall be, it is hard to see why Congress need be so much afraid of the Southerners claiming compensation for their slaves and for other damage suffered during the war. What harm could possibly result from issuing enough paper money, when once the printing-press is in motion, to satisfy them? It would either revive industry at the South or, better still, make industry unnecessary, and would diffuse contentment through a great many regions which are now the seats of strife and heartburning. Is it worthy of "practical men" to keep the South impoverished, merely by way of vengeance, when one wagon-load of engraved paper would make its people happy and prosperous?

The German immigration during the last two years has been nearly double that of the Irish, the latter, in fact, showing some signs of falling off, as if the sources were becoming somewhat exhausted. The political troubles in Germany, and the extension of the Prussian military system, have doubtless had much to do with stimulating the emigration of the Germans, and for political reasons it is highly desirable, as far as this country is concerned, that the tide should continue to flow in increasing volume. The Germans have the political sense, and they are fond of agriculture and prefer beer and light wines to whiskey, not one of which propositions can be affirmed of the Irish. The latter are gregarious in the extreme, dislike agriculture, and, both for these and for religious reasons, have a tendency to mass in the great cities and form foreign bodies, whose imperviousness to the ordinary influences of American life increase in the direct ratio of their size. They have introduced, too, an effervescing element in American politics which needs just such a corrective as the Germans supply, and they seem to have a most exciting influence on the more scatterbrained of American politicians such as the Germans do not exercise, and, in fact, do much to counteract.

The luckiest thing that ever happened to George Francis Train in his life has just happened him in Ireland. He has been arrested and for a brief period committed to a British dungeon. The only thing needed to complete his happiness was that there should be a bloody war for his deliverance, but—sad to say—he has been released. We believe, in spite of the "learning" which has been expended on the subject in some of the daily papers, there is neither in the law of nations nor in the municipal law of England any reason why Mr. Train should not be arrested in a British port if he was fool enough to go there. Koszta's case has been cited as bearing in some way on his, but it does not in the least. Koszta's arrest was contested because he was the bearer of an American consul's passport in a country in which foreign consuls have criminal jurisdiction over all persons who claim their protection. Therefore the Austrians had no right to seize him nor the Turks to deliver him up under any circumstances. Train, on the other hand, has deliberately gone to a country whose government he has been denouncing, and, being in a portion of it in which arbitrary arrest is now legal, he has been seized and put in prison. In other words, the very same law has been applied to him which is applied to natives. It only became the duty of the American minister to insist on his either being brought to trial or liberated, for the continued detention of a foreign traveller against whom no specific charge can be brought is, of course, not a thing which this Government could submit to; but in the mere arrest itself there was absolutely nothing to get up a fuss about. Train has brought a suit against the British Government for £100,000.

A large body of the Catholic clergy in Ireland have signed a declaration in which they pronounce a repeal of the legislative union between England and Ireland, and the assimilation of their relations in all respects to those between Austria and Hungary, to be the only remedy for Irish grievances. The document is calm, moderate, and well written. It acknowledges that the penal laws have caused the Irish to fall behind in the race of civilization, in that they are now infe-

rior to both the English and Scotch in social and industrial training, and that, therefore, they need peculiar legislative treatment to raise them up—such treatment as they cannot hope for from a body so ill-informed on Irish matters, and so unsympathetic as the British Parliament. This statement of the case, if made two or three years ago, would have been either totally disregarded by the English press or have been treated with contempt; but, thanks to "Fenian outrages," it is now discussed by the whole press with gravity and respect—a fact which throws a good deal of light on the causes of Fenianism. Of course, the declaration, instead of helping the solution of the Irish question, only hinders it. The repeal of the union England will never consent to, and would spend her last man and last shilling in resisting. Then, no man who considers what kind of body an Irish Parliament elected by universal suffrage would be, can possibly believe that it would be competent for its task. Its blunders would not resemble those of the old Protestant Parliament, but they would be nearly as great hindrances to progress.

The French are still occupied with their new Army bill, but the Government, after a hard fight, sustained one bad defeat in the Chamber on the clause fixing the period at which the soldier might marry, the Chamber making it the sixth year of service instead of the eighth. Marshal Niel, who has shown considerable ability as a debater, roused a terrible storm by blurting out the proposition that the men who were pronounced physically unfit for military service were, for the most part, good enough for marriage, and that therefore the prohibition to marry during the flower of their age imposed on the 800,000 or 900,000 men of whom the French army will be composed under the new law is no great damage to the country after all. This has roused the fury of the press, and not unnaturally. The picture drawn by M. Rouher, during the discussion, of the armaments of other European nations was frightful. He made out the total force under arms of the four great powers with which France might possibly be called on to contend at 4,840,000; but M. Maurice Block, a statistician of some eminence, has attacked this estimate and reduced it by nearly one-half, showing that, judging from past experience, the total force which these powers can be expected to bring into the field in time of war is 2,743,891, and that the real measure of military strength is no longer the number of men who can be mustered under the colors, but the number that can be fed and clothed and armed and paid; in other words, that a nation's fighting power depends almost altogether on the state of her finances. It is safe to say, however, that M. Rouher's estimate represents pretty faithfully the loss to the community of the standing armies now kept up in Europe, even though it fails to give a correct idea of the force available for attack or defence. One thousand men cannot be put into the field without disabling about two thousand for industrial purposes.

The financial difficulty in Italy continues to be the great one. The Roman question can wait for a solution, the financial question cannot. The budget for 1868, which has just been laid before Parliament by the Minister of Finance, shows an excess of expenditure over revenue of \$40,000,000—in gold, or course—the revenue amounting to \$160,000,000 and the expenditure to \$200,000,000. Various remedies are talked of; one is a tax on all flour as it leaves the mill, and on wine, oil, and silk, from all of which about \$30,000,000, it is thought, could be drawn. The floating debt will probably be met by the sales of church property, which are still going on, and are very productive. This floating debt amounts to \$75,000,000 represented by legal-tender bank-notes, and about \$50,000,000 represented by Government bonds. The fuss they are making about the debt in Italy, however, will seem strange to many financiers here, and shows how far behind the age poor old Europe still is. All the Italian Government has to do in order to get rid of all its difficulties is, as we here know, to issue enough legal-tender bank-notes to pay off everything. With five dollars worth of ink and five reams of thin paper, not only might the national liabilities be entirely wiped out, but a handsome surplus left in the treasury. Why do the simpletons not send a commissioner over here to consult General Butler or Humphrey Marshall?

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

WHO ARE THE "COWARDS?"

If anybody will take the trouble to look into the files of any of the daily papers appearing during the summer and fall of 1865, he will find that foremost amongst the arguments used by leading Radicals against the admission of Southern senators and representatives to Congress without conditions, was the danger that if admitted they would join hands with the Northern Copperheads in an assault on the public credit. They would, it was said, either openly repudiate or else vote such enormous amounts by way of compensation for damages sustained during the war as to plunge the Government into bankruptcy. The very earliest arguments, too, used in advocacy of negro suffrage were drawn from the supposed necessity of an alliance between the Republicans and the negroes for the protection of the public credit, and many of our readers may remember that the first and most anxious enquiries made by Northern men when the South was first opened to travellers touched the state of Southern feeling about the public debt. At that time the public debt—and in gold and silver, not in irredeemable paper—was spoken of by all Republicans as a sacred thing. In fact, to speak of it with reverence was one of the Republican characteristics, while to denounce it, and predict it would never be paid, was the mark of a Copperhead, and loyal men used to listen to Copperhead utterances on this subject as to blasphemy or obscenity. The bondholder, too, instead of being held up to loathing as a heartless usurer, was spoken of as the ancient Egyptians might have spoken of the sacred bull, as beings whom it was a pleasure as well as a duty to pamper.

We have no doubt whatever that the same state of feeling would have lasted till now had the reconstruction process gone on well. What it is that has hindered or retarded it everybody knows. Mr. Johnson has unquestionably had the largest, and by far the largest, share in the work of obstruction, but then he was not wholly to blame. Some of the Radical leaders must, as we have often said, shoulder some portion of the responsibility. We do not find fault with any of their leading measures. We believe that, on the whole, Congress has advanced from stage to stage in the process with great wisdom and prudence; but the majority, in the pride of their strength, overlooked one thing, and that was, that the harder and more complicated their task became, the more necessary it was to carry the public with them. In a popular government, it is not enough to conceive and carry wise measures; popular support must be secured for them in order to ensure them against being defeated or repealed by a reaction. This part of their business the Radical leaders almost wholly neglected. There was nothing in the training or antecedents of any of them to entitle them to the complete confidence of the public in undertaking the solution of so tremendous a problem as the pacification of the South. Mr. Lincoln left no statesman behind him who had in this matter earned the public faith and confidence. Neither Mr. Stevens nor Mr. Boutwell, for instance—and we say this of them without meaning the slightest disrespect—had ever offered any proof of competency for any such undertaking. They had, it is true, been zealous anti-slavery men, but this was no more a proof of fitness for the task of devising and carrying out the work of reconstruction than their having labored in any other field of philanthropy. Their political experience had been simply experience in the working of parties in Washington, which, for the treatment of the Southern question, was worthless, and perhaps worse than worthless. But to one thing their prominence in the anti-slavery struggle and during the war did entitle them, and that was the first trial at the new business. Nobody in political life had given any greater proof of fitness for it than they, and their long-trying zeal and devotion undoubtedly gave them a claim to the first innings.

The work once begun, there was only one thing that could have re-

leased them from the duty of fully discussing before the people and with the people every detail of it, debating it till debate was exhausted, hearing its adversaries patiently, replying to their arguments elaborately, and exhausting their resources, in short, at each step, in order to secure public approbation before taking another step—and that was either the inspiration of the Reconstruction Committee, or the possession by some member of it of a revelation from on high setting out the whole process in full. Every politician who cannot say he has drawn his wisdom from supernatural sources is bound to come down into the arena and submit his measures to discussion, hear what his adversaries have to say against them, elicit the popular feeling about them, and, if the popular feeling is adverse, win it over by argument. He has no right to pop out of a committee-room, summon a majority, and say, "Here's your bill; it is all that is necessary; we shall allow no debate on it; if you are silly and wicked enough to insist, you may take five minutes for your foolish rant, but no more; as to the people, we cannot wait for its opinion; but we know it's all right; it has confidence in us; the time's up; take the vote." Legislating in this way is discounting the future, like living on money you expect to make; you may make it, but you may not, and your position is exceedingly awkward if you do not; and yet this is the very way in which most of the reconstruction legislation has been done. The consequence is, that the public has not been carried along in support of it; it has kicked and hung back more and more violently every month; and for the last six months the majority has been in the very unsatisfactory and somewhat desperate position of trying to save the nation against its will. The confidence it expected to find showered upon it by this time is not forthcoming. The symptoms of disorganization in the party, which showed themselves last fall at the State elections, increase in number and gravity, and there is every day greater and greater anxiety with regard to the future.

It was the growth of this feeling of weakness, of the sensation that things were not going well with the party, that first caused some of the Republican politicians to fall away from the primitive faith on the subject of the public debt. On seeing the ranks waver before negro suffrage, General Butler and Mr. Stevens bethought them of the old device of promising their followers plunder. The Democrats, they saw, were gathering in recruits very fast by holding out this prospect; when the dodge was so successful in the hands of the friends of privilege, why should not the friends of equality use it? The plan of taunting those who refused to follow them with "cowardice" was tried, but with very limited success. Its absurdity was too patent for it to succeed. As we have said before, there was nothing in the antecedents or attainments or character of many of the Radical leaders to warrant them in calling on anybody to follow them blindly in such a business as reconstruction. They were entitled to a patient and attentive hearing, but they were not entitled to implicit submission without argument. We all know as much about "eternal justice" and "inalienable rights" as Mr. Stevens does, or Mr. Boutwell, or Mr. Bingham, and none of them has anything new to tell us about "the guilt of the rebellion." What we have always wanted to hear from them was, therefore, not general disquisitions on the rights of man, but their reasons for thinking their plan of reconstruction a good one—i. e., one likely to succeed; but of these they have been uncommonly sparing.

Finding now that the public is not as strong in its support of their reconstruction plan as is desirable, some of the leaders are seeking to revive their popularity, as we have said, by preaching a disguised form of repudiation, though the disguise is so thin that it serves no purpose whatever. If they imagine that anybody will be deluded into believing that the public debt is honestly paid when it is paid in greenbacks, they deceive themselves grossly. Everybody who gets this kind of money for his bond will not only think himself cheated, but will be made furious by the presumption that he is a fool, on which this mode of paying him is based. Downright repudiation would be every way more creditable and far more polite. We see in the whole scheme, however, a shining example of the real cowardice of which these men, who are so ready to fling the charge at others, are capable. They are not afraid—we know what the proverb or the poet, we forget which, says about the audacity of fools—of violent and extravagant

courses, of absurd propositions, of sudden changes of counsel, of aimless and senseless defiance of reason and experience; they are not afraid of advising that the nation should dishonor itself by repudiating the representations of its own agents, and construing its own acts to the fraud and detriment of those who trusted it with their money in the hour of its need. But the kind of "courage" we want in public men is not the kind which Wendell Phillips so loudly calls for, and which Messrs. Stevens and Butler so lavishly display—the courage to be unscrupulous, dexterous, reckless—but the courage to be right under all circumstances; the courage to stick to principle not in one thing, but in all things, and to stick to it come what will; the courage to be just and honorable not towards the negro only, but towards all men—to be faithful not simply to pledges made to blacks, but to pledges made to white men; to act in the spirit and not in the letter of their promise, not simply towards the freedmen who fought for the country, but to the poor and widows and orphans who lent the money to feed and arm the freedmen, and who lent it when many of the shrewdest doubted whether a cent of it would ever be paid, even in General Butler's "money." We advise the "cowards," too, who refuse to follow these "great leaders," to be of good cheer. No man was ever wanting in his duty either to his party or his country who was afraid to be tricky and made no secret of it. When they see "grand public men" "leaping ahead" and encouraging them to follow by the assurance "that revolutions never go backwards," let them remember that even if revolutions never do go backwards, they often fall into the ditch and remain there for many a day, a curse and not a blessing to humanity, the scoffing and scorn of many generations. They need brains and discretion to conduct them just as much as does the regular progress of government.

There is one other thing which Republican politicians who feel disposed to go into the repudiation business would do well to remember, and that is, that if they should succeed in winning the party over to their way of thinking, they will gain nothing by it. Whenever the people has been worked up to the degree of unscrupulousness necessary for the denial of its moral obligations, the mechanical part of the business—the job of sending the public creditors away with bits of paper instead of gold, and laughing at their chagrin—will not be committed to Republicans. Whenever repudiation is deliberately adopted as a policy, the task of carrying it out will be entrusted to the Democrats. It is their idea; they originated it, have studied it, and know how it ought to be done. The Stevenses and Butlers are mere amateurs and imitators; and as soon as their preaching had produced the desired effect would assuredly be cast aside without either gratitude or remorse, and would have to make their way back to the place of beginning over a path strewn with the bones of foundered politicians of tricksters who lost their faith in righteousness before the promised land came in sight, and wandering off in search of a short cut, perished miserably among the beasts.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT IN EUROPE.

THERE is an important change going on in European political sentiment which promises to make the events of the next ten or fifteen years extremely interesting and important—and that is a steady and apparently permanent reaction against imperialism, or "personal government," or that, whatever it may be called, which lodges the direction of national policy in the hands of one man. After the failures of 1848-49, the shrewdest observers both in England and on the Continent began to look to the imperial system—thrones resting on universal suffrage—as the ultimate destination of the whole of the civilized world. It was by that time quite evident that aristocracy, as a political force, was ruined—that privileged classes were things of the past—that "the masses" would govern; and even men of as philosophic a turn of mind as De Tocqueville thought that after having, during a few years, tried to govern and failed, they would seek safety and repose in the establishment everywhere of a "one-man power." During the ten years from 1850 to 1860, this opinion gained force steadily, through the spectacle of Louis Napoleon's administration in France, and it may be said to have reached its maximum strength in 1861, at the outbreak of the rebellion here. What speculators then saw in the future was,

first, a brief attempt at republicanism in nations which had not already tried it, and, secondly, the division of the civilized world among a batch of imperial dynasties, which were to make up for the inevitable appearance, now and then, of a stupid Cæsar by a highly organized, all-pervading, all-providing system of administration, permitting a high degree of literary culture and unlimited scientific research, diffusing material comfort by every means in its power, and, in fact, making the perfecting of material life the highest object of its ambition.

Nor was this expectation based simply on the success of the Imperial régime in France. There were certain phenomena in England which afforded a good deal of support to it, such as the increasing demand on the Government for greater centralization, owing to the constant failure of the system of local independence; the growing tendency to commit to it the telegraphs, the railroads, the education of the poor; to exact from it more assiduous and organized interference with charitable institutions, public conveyances, the hours and other conditions of labor in mines and factories; and, in fact, the strong current of public sentiment which has now been running for ten years against complete individual freedom in anything but trade. If these things, said the imperialists, are to be witnessed in England, the country in which the principle of individualism and local self-government has been almost worshipped, what may we not expect to see in the rest of Europe? America still remained an apparent exception to the rule, but she was held to have been brought under it by the rebellion. The outbreak of the war, it was said, meant, of course, the rise of standing armies, the centralization of the government, the disappearance of State lines, and the gradual melting down of society into one solid mass.

Moreover, the desire of material comfort, which had grown in our day into a passion, it was evident could be gratified no longer by individual enterprise. To supply men's wants on an adequate scale and with adequate efficiency we have to have now great corporations or combinations of capitalists, employing whole armies of agents and subordinates, and through this and their enormous wealth wielding great political influence. No society would, it was said, ever consent to be ruled by bodies of this sort (they did not think of New Jersey), and, therefore, to keep them in check and hold them to proper responsibility and make them do their work efficiently, the state would have to be armed with great powers of interference and supervision. To exercise these powers a vast and complicated administrative system would have to be devised, the machinery of which could only be entrusted to highly trained hands, and which it would be found eventually could not be managed or controlled by deliberative bodies, but would have to be given over to one head. Therefore, even in America, supposing the war had never broken out, the prevailing rage for material enjoyment would, in the long run, have sapped the popular love of freedom and self-government, and prepared the way for the enlightened despot. The love of "liberty" was, in fact, dying out in the modern world, owing to the declining intensity of feeling on all subjects. Nobody any longer felt very strongly about anything. In the age in which "liberty" was looked on as the highest good, men went to the stake or sent others to it for points of doctrinal belief. They are not such fools now. They want ease of mind and ease of body, and are tending towards the form of government which will best secure these; and they are no longer dazzled by the sayings and doings of classical times.

The new régime has, luckily for us all, now been tried, and failed. France has furnished the *corpus vile* for the experiment; but the result has been tested pretty thoroughly in other countries also. The use which the Imperial Government has made of the army and of the treasury has satisfied thinking men all over Europe, in England, France, and Germany, that imperialism, so far from being the government of the future, has been proved totally unsuited to modern society; that, far from being what great political and social complications call for, political and social complications make it utterly worthless; that the social state to which it is suited is that of ancient Rome or of the Middle Ages or modern Russia; that, where you have an industrial and commercial community, it cannot be governed by one man without the most disastrous consequences. In the first place, the physical force which is now placed by a modern state in the hands of its government,

the force of money and of men, is enormous, such as no ancient or mediæval ruler ever dreamt of. It is so great that no man can, in the present state of human culture, find himself in the possession of it without having his head turned. Louis Napoleon is, it is true, a great advance in moral training on any Roman emperor, except, perhaps, the Antonines. He not only knows more, but he has himself under far better control, even if his desires are no better, and he acts under the invisible but powerful pressure of a force of which the Roman emperor knew nothing—the opinion of the civilized world. But then his powers of mischief are so greatly increased that his slight aberrations are more dangerous to the community than Nero's madness. He is still a man; he has foolish ambitions, personal spites, prejudices, and fears; and when he goes to war, instead of disappearing amongst remote barbarians, as the Roman general did, and leaving the state behind to go on very much as before, he convulses society in his own dominion, and fills the civilized world with alarm, paralyzes the trade and industry on which the larger portion of its population lives, and disarranges the vast and elaborate mercantile calculations by which the work of progress is in our day largely carried on. The Italian war, the Mexican expedition, and the German war, and the uncertainty which they have all left behind them, have established the principle that the governments of modern communities must be *deliberative* governments, must be carried on under the supervision of public opinion, not so much that the public may be able to influence events—though this is important—but that it may know what is going to happen. The timid trader, who cried out so loudly in 1848 for "the man on horseback" to save him from the revolutionists, now acknowledges, after twenty years' experience, that under the man on horseback business is almost impossible, because you can never tell what he will do next.

Moreover, "personal government" has been shown to be fatally incompetent to deal with financial questions, owing to the large standing armies it requires. Owing to the size of these standing armies, there is at this moment not a single government in Europe, except England, able to meet its annual expenditure by taxation. In France, which has furnished the great example of the imperialist system, the public debt has increased 130 per cent. in *thirteen* years, and taxation is increasing with it, while population remains stationary. Now, what makes standing armies necessary is undoubtedly the personal fears, jealousies, and ambitions of the sovereigns. In modern societies there is no large class, as there was in mediæval societies, which likes fighting in the field and wants to serve in the army. There is no class in France, for instance, which longs to cross the Rhine and ravage Prussia, and no class in Prussia which would like to do as much for France. The middle and working classes in our day want peace and security and light taxation, and this want is, if left to act freely, fatal to military ambition and wars of conquest and revenge. But the personal ruler has his little jealousies and ambitions with regard to other personal rulers. He likes to frighten them, or snub them, and make them feel their inferiority and succumb to his influence, and he is constantly afraid that if he gives them a chance they will come and attack him; he therefore has to provide himself at any cost with the means of reaching them, and persuades the nation that it is their honor he is defending and their safety he is providing for in doing so.

This fact, also, is becoming better and better known and recognized, and of late the leading German and French writers have drawn attention to it with great emphasis. The new Army bill in France will probably give additional point to their arguments. The theory with regard to the future government which is now finding most favor is, that it will be that of a highly educated democracy, in which wealth will exercise great influence, and in which politics will be largely subordinated to the production and preservation of wealth, and in which property will be protected, as it was not in the ancient democracies, by a greater knowledge on the part of the poor of the conditions on which production and distribution depend. If this does not succeed, the world will have to give up trading and go back to agriculture and pasturage, because neither under untaught democracy nor under unbridled despotism can commerce and manufactures flourish.

[COMMUNICATED.]

A NEW VIEW OF THE EXECUTIVE.

THOSE who have read Mr. Walter Bagehot's papers on the English constitution, as also those who have not, will find in an editorial in the *Economist* of December 7 (Mr. Bagehot is editor of the *Economist*, and presumably the writer of this editorial) an interesting discussion of the difficulties between Mr. Johnson and Congress; or, perhaps we should say, between our executive and our legislature, since the writer waives all examination into the merits of existing questions, looking merely at the relation of the one branch of government to the other. The idea on which the observations in this article are based is a comparatively new one in England, while it is so absolutely novel in this country as to have excited no attention whatever among us. The author is either Mr. Bagehot or some one inspired by his book on the constitution to which we have referred.

If any American child of the high-school age is asked to state, in a few words, the theory on which the machinery of our Government is constructed, he replies, without any hesitation, that there are three branches of government—the legislative, the executive, the judicial; that these three are one, but that no one of them can be all three; or, to put the matter less abstractly, that Congress may pass an act, yet the President may veto it, and that the President may veto an act, yet Congress may, by a certain majority, pass it, his objections notwithstanding, while Congress and the President may pass a law, yet if it is unconstitutional the judges of the Supreme Court will interfere and annul it; that in this way each branch of government is a check upon the folly, ignorance, or malice of every other branch. And, if the supposed child (we prefer to suppose a child, as regarding politics from a much more theoretic point of view than an adult) is so precocious as to have a knowledge of the British constitution, we may be sure beforehand that he will tell us of the existence of the same system of checks and balances in England: that the Crown, Lords, and Commons have been from time immemorial the three co-ordinate branches; that the Crown calls to its assistance a certain gentleman who forms a cabinet; and that this gentleman and his colleagues represent in the Parliament the interests of the Royal department; that the House of Lords arrests the hasty impulses of the Commons; that the Commons check any retrogressive movement of the Lords, while the Crown balances both, or, it may be, joins with one to the defeat of the other.

Such is the theory, hastily stated, of "checks and balances," a theory held true and believed to exist in practice by all Americans, and almost all Englishmen. And yet Mr. Bagehot, after a careful enquiry into the operation of the British Government, has come to the conclusion that this theory no longer explains the principal political facts which he sees about him, but merely confuses the mind in examining those facts. He points to the confessed weakness of the Crown, patent in the disuse of the veto; to the timidity of the House of Lords; to the increasing energy of the Commons; and, more than all, to the strange fact that the cabinet, theoretically representing the interests of the executive in Parliament, is really an executive committee, chosen by the party dominant in the lower House, and absolutely independent of that power whose special servant it is supposed to be. This analysis reduces English government to a legislature of one house, electing from time to time its executive, and the important result with which we are here concerned is, that there can evidently, in such a condition of political affairs, be no checks or balances at all; that the moment power really changes hands in the House of Commons, that moment sees a corresponding change in the body which executes the laws; that the nomination of a cabinet by the reigning sovereign to further political ideas peculiar to himself is no longer possible; in fine, that, as a political agent, the English king or queen has hardly more influence than one of our own presidential electors. Nor is Mr. Bagehot dissatisfied with the existing order; on the contrary, he sees so much good in it that he is anxious, or at least the *Economist* is anxious, to see the experiment tried in this country, to see an executive obedient to the will of the dominant party, and not gifted with powers which enable him to bring the machinery of government to a dead-lock.

The argument is this: the executive is he who executes the laws, not he who enacts them, and should, therefore, be one who is thoroughly in sympathy with the enacting body. If he is not, as at present in this country, he will at first thwart it secretly, then openly, then perhaps secretly again, and the result might very easily be, in certain critical moments, a dead-lock. We had one of these moments a few months since. Congress had passed the reconstruction laws—had passed them over the President's veto—but the President, of course, was unwilling to execute them if he could avoid in any way a duty so disagreeable. The Supreme Court was appealed to, and if the court had held the law unconstitutional the result must have been inaction distressing to every one, and filling many of the more impatient with dangerous thoughts of revolution. Fortunately the court refused to entertain the motion, and the crisis was avoided. But though such threatening obstacles may be removed, and tumult not ensue, no American who has led the uneasy, watchful life of the past three years can help regarding with anxiety even the chance of a dead-lock. Let the cry for impeachment

speak for itself. We lately heard a lawyer suggest, with great sobriety of tone and moderation of expression, that impeachment might, if used now, form a valuable means hereafter of obtaining changes of executive whenever Congress and the President could not agree—that is to say, that the charge of “high crimes and misdemeanors” might, by a convenient fiction, be used *pro forma*, and impeachment become one of the ordinary pieces of political machinery. Such an opinion serves to show the terribly anxious state of feeling to which an obstruction in the political processes brings us. The *Economist* article does not propose any remedy as violent as this, but aims at showing that political movement in this country can never be smooth until we admit that the executive should be so elected as to represent the changing will of the majority in the legislature. It is a poor plan, says the writer, not to say an absurd one, which makes the servant of the people its master, which makes the doer of the people’s behests their obstructor, which makes the action of the government lag far behind the intention of the governors. How would it be if the sheriff had the right to oppose at every stage the execution of laws to which he was opposed on party grounds? How would it be if the cabinet in England (taking Mr. Bagehot’s explanation for granted) were to oppose the majority in the House, and attempt to retain their seats? To Mr. Bagehot’s mind it seems hardly intelligible how so shrewd and business-like a people as the Americans should continue a system fraught with so much inconvenience and even danger.

Mr. Bagehot’s argument is thoroughly practical, resting its claims to reception on proof of the distress and delay occasioned by the practice it seeks to overthrow, and on a suggestion of the business-like rapidity which would attend political movements in case of the adoption of the proffered alternative. To this argument *ab inconvenientia* we hope to be able to reply by hinting at a few considerations which seem to be overlooked in it, but we do not hope to do more than hint, for the matter is so intricate (involving both the science of politics, about which very few persons know anything, and the details of political management, about which everybody knows too much), that its final solution must be far distant. Premising, then, a candid admission of the incompleteness of our answer, it is this: that the objection urged against our American arrangement of co-ordinate departments, mutually independent, is, in reality, the great argument in its favor. Unless the Federal Government is to be changed into a machine for registering the rapid fluctuations in popular sentiment, faithful as mercury to the changes of temperature, delay at Washington appears to us of much greater value than mobility; and the chief way in which we have thus far been able to obtain moderation in political measures has been through that very system of division and opposition which it is proposed to overthrow. The authors of the *Federalist*, foreseeing (with some alarm) the development of popular power which has since taken place, were at pains to explain the checks and balances which the framers of the Constitution had connected with the political machinery, and it is very interesting to observe that, according to their explanation, haste was the thing they chiefly sought to prevent. The fact that Hamilton and Madison wrote before the strictly modern epoch opened increases the value of their opinion, as their suggestions bore reference quite as much to the future as to their own time. But let us examine the question more in detail.

In a free country, generally pervaded by education and intelligence, interesting questions are subjected to immediate discussion and rapid decision. The current of popular feeling sets strongly in one direction, while all the agencies of public expression urge it on. The debate begins to-day, is at its height to-morrow, and will be succeeded by another on the day after. The *Trent* affair was an instance of this; and in small matters the momentary excitement occasioned by each fresh railroad disaster may furnish others. Indeed, it is this well-known peculiarity of free communities which has brought upon them the reproach of fickleness and levity. As an ancient example, the Athenian decree against Mitylene is familiar to every one, while in modern times the rising against the Mormons in the West is a fair specimen of the surges of popular feeling of which we speak. In order that changes of public opinion may have their due effect, a popular body, re-elected at short intervals, sits at Washington, well adapted to reply quickly to any claims of constituents. It has, in fact, at length reached a point of subservience which its founders did not anticipate, and would not have been glad to see. The House of Representatives will generally be found, we believe, in accord with what it thinks the prevalent opinion out of doors.

But this is by no means the whole case with regard to the activity and responsiveness of the House. We have spoken of generally interesting questions; but the number of these at any one time is very small compared with the number of generally uninteresting questions; yet these last are not wholly unimportant. For instance, taxation has been quite a dry matter until very recently; but taxation still affected the country. Now all matters like this, not involved in the issues of the moment, are in the hands of a House which must deal with them in one way or another. The consequence is, that the few persons who are directly interested in them, the manufacturers, the miners, or the brokers, come to Washington, and find such docile responsiveness that they not unfrequently make a little law here or there for us instead of

our appointed legislators. The lobby is well understood to be the lowest—or the highest—House. It is not necessary to enter here into an examination of causes; it is well known that on important matters the House echoes the cry of its constituents, and on what are called unimportant matters it echoes the less loud but equally potent voice of the lobby. The general constitution of the House may be most readily appreciated through a consideration of the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, nothing is known of a member by the majority of his electors, save that he has adopted their party platform.

But there are two other bodies at Washington of a different character; the Executive and the Senate (we do not take any account here of the judiciary), being elected for what must in America be called long terms of office, are known and responsible bodies. For we do not agree with those who believe it settled that the President of the United States must always in the future be a nonentity, in order that his party may not waste its strength on a dangerous nomination, and no one will dispute the fact that the Senate is the ablest legislative assembly in the country. Whatever the cause, it still remains true that our senators are more able, more conscientious, and more representative than any other political class among us. Now, it is one of the functions of these two bodies—a function foreseen, intended, and constantly exercised—to restrain the excesses of the popular body of delegates who sit in the House of Representatives, and allay, by the coolness of reason, the fierce heat of their constituents’ zeal. Frequently may a hasty popular excitement carry a wave of emotion as far as the House; but if it is a factitious excitement or a temporary burst of feeling, the doors of the Senate do not open to it, and its death is as sudden as its birth. But if the tide is too strong, and even the Senate yields, we have still the President to oppose unnecessary alarm or anger. Thus placing two obstacles between the people and their passions, we avert much pernicious legislation.

The executive never has been with us like the English cabinet, and in most cases, as we have said, the delay occasioned by our system appears to us an advantage. Two or three instances may serve to show what we mean, though we do not rely on them so much as on the general considerations adverted to, since, in the present condition of political study, instances may be made the servants of almost any theory. When Mason and Slidell were arrested on board the *Trent*, a popular tumult arose which bid fair to hurry us into a disastrous war, and if at that time we had had an executive chosen under the English system, we might to-day be still confronted by rebellion. And again, if after the reverses of 1862 we had chosen an executive anew, it would probably have been such an one that we should in six months have chosen another. And though the absurd use of the veto during the past two years has accustomed men to look upon popular decrees as final, and upon Congress as the true expounders of the people’s will, we may well doubt whether numerous sensible men are not looking forward with some pleasure to probable exercises of this power on the part of the President to be elected in 1868. The veto of a strong American executive will generally be received with respect, and with greater respect by the educated and reflecting than by any other class. On the other hand, what sort of an executive should we have if the House, or even the House and Senate combined, elected one? Changes in its own body would probably occur every six weeks, while changes of policy would be kaleidoscopic in rapidity. We should not be troubled with sloth; we should be as quick as death or a South American republic. It is whispered that in Australia, where the English system prevails, it requires an astute man to know of whom the cabinet at any given time consists, so shrewd are the inhabitants of that country in changing their leaders to suit their changing needs. And then what an astonishing *personnel* would our cabinet exhibit! What a rollicking, roystering blade of a prime minister should we have in General Butler! There would be no obstruction here. On the contrary, we should move so fast that we should all be bankrupts or thieves in a week, unless, indeed, the executive should happen—a not unlikely chance—to be turned out in less time. And then we should have General Banks and a Fenian policy, and Mr. Stevens and a confiscation policy, and somebody else with an annexation policy; and, finally, sickened and dizzied, we should elect by general suffrage a board dictatorial, with powers plenipotentiary to the dictators, their heirs and vendees, to finally reconstruct the distracted Fatherland; which dictators would, under the new system, probably be gentlemen prominent as ex-executives, say Bennett, Wood, and Morrissey.

The “dead-lock” which Mr. Bagehot anticipates and dreads will hardly appear to most Americans a probable chance. The politicians of this country are not that independent, obstructive race which would make dangerous clashes ordinary phenomena. Even Mr. Johnson has as yet given no evidence satisfactory to the public that he ever contemplated revolution, and Mr. Johnson’s is certainly an extreme case. In fact, there never has been any dead-lock at Washington, and it is curious to observe that the only two real cases of obstruction in our political machinery have occurred not in that part which we have been considering, but in the intricate system which connects the Federal Union with the separate States—we mean, of course, nullification and secession. These were real obstructions, and one of them very nearly fatal. But the others are difficulties in the way of “business”

which sober Americans rather welcome than object to, for they represent that conservative force which still prevents the momentary whim of the people from passing into action. To sum up what we have said, the great advantage in the present system seems to us to be found in that very delay which is urged against it. If America were England, the matter might stand the other way, and we can readily understand how a writer, who sees before him a government not too sensitive to changes of outside opinion, but containing one branch eminently fitted by its popular character to govern wisely, with two other branches eminently unfitted to do anything of the kind, should rejoice to observe that the former is absorbing all the functions of state into itself. It is plain to any one who reads Mr. Bagehot's instructive book that the system of checks and balances, as we understand it, is out of date in England. But the question for Americans appears to us a totally different one. Haste and recklessness are our political as well as our social vices, and what we should aim at is rather to obtain time for consideration than rapidity of motion. To make any change for the sake of greater political precipitancy seems unwise, and our shrewdness will be more apparent in attempts to check popular extravagance than to assume that no popular movement can be extravagant. And should England ever become democratic, and the House of Commons degenerate from an independent, self-regarding body to a dependent chamber of delegates, we can imagine a state of things in which there would be great danger in an executive elected by that House, and in which the more ancient forms might be found to have peculiar advantages. May not the late career of Disraeli show one of the dangers to which the English system will be exposed with increasing democracy? It is true, however, that he has prevented a dead-lock.

HUMANITARIANISM.

THE form of social evil against which Christianity has warred most vigorously, ever since its foundation, has been men's indifference to the suffering of their fellows. Cruelty and impurity were the vices of the Roman world, but cruelty was the most striking, and hardest to eradicate. In a society based on slavery it is easier to make men and women chaste than to make them humane, though not very easy to do either, and Christianity itself met with only indifferent success in the work of social reform till it got the barbarians to operate upon. During the Middle Ages it did a great deal to raise the value of human beings, and to elevate moral above brute force; and though the Church introduced cruelties of its own which in the amount and intensity of the suffering they caused probably far surpassed the cruelties of the pagan empire, still the practice of torturing or killing men and women for heresy or witchcraft was an immense advance on the practice of torturing and killing them "to make a Roman holiday." But the great work of the Church in all ages, that in which it has been most steadily devoted and in which it has produced most results, has been the spreading of the feeling of brotherly love, of the sentiment of the dignity and value of men, as men simply, and of the greatness of the place occupied in creation by even the meanest and most despised member of the human family. The spirit, too, which it has brought to this work has been diffused amongst all classes of reformers, even amongst those who repudiate all connection with Christianity. The great aim of even the movements for political reform during the past two hundred years has been the promotion of human comfort—making men's lives easier for them, removing obstacles to the gratification of their desires, relieving them from fear, from insecurity, and from chagrin.

Moreover, neither the Church nor the political reformers have had much liberty of choice with regard to their work. The sin by which modern as well as ancient society has been most beset has been the sin of oppression, of indifference to human suffering. The political system of nearly every country in the civilized world, down to our day, has been based on the principle that the few ought to have power over the many, and ought to use it for their own benefit, and that one of the great uses of the many was to keep the few in good condition. Nearly all the "abuses" which reformers in Europe have been assailing for the last three centuries will be found, in the last analysis, to consist in the legalized plunder or oppression of somebody by somebody else, in virtue of his office or birth or social position; in the legalized infliction on persons of one class or condition of some injury in mind, body, or estate at the hands of persons of another class or condition. The rage for equality which broke forth with such violence in the French Revolution, and which is still pulverizing society in every country in the world, is due largely to the fact that inequality has everywhere involved the exposure of a large portion of the community to vexation of some sort at the hands of the remainder. We do not deny that the passion for equality may have, as some philosophers say it has, its root in human nature. But just think how long civilization lasted before it showed itself—for how many thousand years men not only bore with "superiors in station," but

loved and clung to them; how society has run to castes and classes, or orders, and refused to have them broken up. Think, too, of the force of the feeling of "loyalty" to king or chief or landlord; a feeling which may be called the religion of inequality, and under the influence of which the bravest spirits of all ages and nations have shown themselves ready to do or dare or suffer all that men have ever done or dared or suffered in any cause whatever, and which has had its saints and martyrs, too, by the thousands. Assuredly, admitting all that can be asserted of the natural tendency of modern civilization to produce equality, the revolution would have been vastly less easy if bitter experience had not made inequality a synonym for oppression, and if "superiors" had not become associated in everybody's mind with the endurance of some sort of physical or mental suffering.

The long war in which religion and morality have been engaged against mere oppression and brutality has caused reform to run in a kind of groove. Accordingly, the reforming agencies of our day, from Christianity down, are almost entirely devoted to the task of making people comfortable. The social duty most strongly inculcated in our time from the pulpit, the platform, and in the press is brotherly kindness towards our fellows. In two-thirds of the novels of the day, too, the obligation laid most impressively on the soul of man, next after marrying the girl he loves, is the obligation of kindness to the poor and helpless and desolate and dependent. When the hero has come to deep grief of any kind, the consolation which is provided for him is very often work in a hospital or as a city missionary. The choice girls are nearly all either engaged in some such philanthropic labor, and allured from it with considerable difficulty, or else take to it at some stage in the story, either through disgust with the world or as a great upward step in moral life. The Catholic Church still preserves her earlier traditions in the midst of nineteenth-century civilization, and not only prefers voluntary almsgiving as a means of relieving the poor to any organized system of charity, but places it in the first rank of Christian virtues. The Ritualists run in the same direction. Their ideal Christian life is to spend in the relief of distress whatever time you do not spend at church. When Dr. Arnold was tormented by doubts at Oxford, his High Church friends advised him not to meddle with them, but to smother them in "holy living"—holy living meaning of course, in the main, labor amongst parochial poor.

We do not go over the above ground for the purpose of throwing discredit on the humanitarian tendencies of the age, or for the purpose even of insinuating that charity has done its work, or will ever have done its work. There is still enough misery in the world, and will probably always be enough, to give work to a thousand times as many philanthropists as will ever face it, and we have no doubt that the "enthusiasm of humanity," which plays so large a part in modern progress, will continue to be, as long as our civilization lasts, the most powerful, the purest, and most conservative of its forces. But this must be said, that, although it is right that charity should cover a multitude of sins, it is in our time allowed to cover too many sins for the good of society; that the growth of law and security and public opinion have, in all civilized countries, removed many of the evils on which the spirit of humanity used in past ages to expend its force, while others peculiar to this age have grown up to which neither the Church nor social nor political reformers can as yet be said to offer any organized or effective resistance. For example—the strong man in our day does not rob on the highway or keep serfs; he thieves in business or on the stock exchange, or swindles the government. Bad propensities rarely find vent in acts of brutality; they find vent in acts of knavery. A case of suffering or destitution finds instant relief, on being made known, from a thousand purses, but probably one-half of them are purses filled with ill-gotten gains. The churches are filled with men who would not harm a fly, and whose hearts are tender as women's towards all forms of physical or moral suffering. They give largely to charitable institutions and all institutions having for their object the elevation of the people, but they are either not over-nice in business transactions or do not think hardly of their friends if they are not over-nice. We are not now describing the state of things in any country in particular, but the characteristics of all society in the commercial civilization of our day. In a word, the age in which the moral tone of Christendom was formed was an age of violence, while the present age may be called an age of fraud; and the moral tone which was very effective in the one is very ineffective in the other. We hate slaveholders, aristocrats, rowdies, and all perpetrators of high-handed violence or oppression, but we do not feel unkindly towards an expert speculator or a tricky showman or a fraudulent trustee, if he be a temperance man or an anti-slavery man or a friend of education, or kind to the poor and the young. The Church and society are both equally indulgent to him.

In fact, this feeling of indulgence for all kinds of immorality which may be covered by the term "smart," has become so great that the law is rapidly losing the support from public opinion which it must have in order to make its sentences effective. It is getting more and more difficult to have a swindler or defaulter brought to justice; and not through remissness on the part of judges or juries or public prosecutors, but on the part of moral and religious business men, who are constantly denouncing politicians and officials for their corruption. Bank frauds, on an enormous scale, are of constant occurrence all over the country, but we hardly ever hear of the offenders being prosecuted to conviction. In fact, in a large number of cases, those who ought to put the law in motion either shut their eyes or actually assist the criminal in escaping. A case of this kind occurred in Connecticut very recently. It is not very long since a series of outrageous forgeries were brought to light in New York, and the perpetrator was with much difficulty convicted, and received a very light sentence; but so debauched is public sentiment in this matter that a petition to the governor for his pardon, which we have seen and read, was put in circulation and signed by many of the leading clergymen, lawyers, and merchants, in which all the circumstances which on any theory of moral responsibility we have ever heard of tended to aggravate the guilt of the offender—such as his wealth, his social position, his domestic happiness, his good education, his high religious standing—were produced as excuses for him—a doctrine which, if accepted by either judge, jury, or governor, would break up society.

We commented some months ago on the way in which this excess of good-nature—this humanity-run-wild, if we may call it so—operated in politics to elevate into most responsible positions, requiring a combination of the largest skill and experience with the greatest natural ability, men who had absolutely no claim whatever to prominence except what they derived from their services as humanitarians. The political mischief which this diseased state of the judgment has done during the last few years has been very great; but it cannot be compared for a moment to the social mischief which it works. It is every year lessening the commercial and social value of integrity—that is, of truthfulness, fair-dealing, scrupulousness, and simplicity. There is, in the first place, in every commercial community a tendency, and a natural and in some respects laudable tendency, to admire the man who is successful in getting, rather than the man who is ready in foregoing. In our civilization none of the recognized virtues has fallen so low as self-denial, and its downfall has in a busy age, of course, been facilitated by the fact that it is not one of the readily perceptible virtues. We all see the results of one man's success in business; but we do not see the sacrifices to conscience and character which prevented another perhaps equally able and equally fortunate man from achieving the same success, and we have not the time nor inclination to enquire into it. In the next place, when a man has drawn one of the great prizes of life by amassing a fortune, even if he be well known to have helped himself by fraud or trickery, our humanitarianism comes into play and enables him to purify himself simply by giving freely. If he subscribes handsomely to charitable objects, and associates his name with some philanthropic movement, he silences all cavillers about his character and antecedents.

Moreover, we are all engaged more or less in the pursuit of material comfort; we accordingly sympathize with everybody else in his pursuit of it, and enter into his feelings of disappointment, if he fails in reaching it, with a warmth of which mediæval philanthropists knew nothing. Accordingly, when a man grows over-eager to reach the goal, or over-impatient under his disappointments, and embezzles or forges for purposes of speculation, or walks off with bank funds, very few people feel hardly towards him, not much more hardly towards him than if he had lost heavily at play. The public reads with avidity the newspaper accounts of his "gentlemanly manners," his "culture," his "high social position," and his strong domestic affection, and half hopes he may escape the police, and would think it cruel of his victims to follow him up too closely. Sometimes, in remarkable cases, the newspapers are flooded for some days by his friends with "theories" of his crime, which usually ascribe it, as in the case we have already mentioned, to the very advantages he enjoyed, even to his good moral training itself. Sometimes the offence is laid to the account of a general law. There has to be, as we know from Buckle, a certain number of swindles committed every year, and somebody must commit them; then why be too hard on the poor fellows who are foreordained to share in the job? In a recent bank fraud in this city the newspapers, we do not know with what truth, but with perfect gravity, made the president of the bank ascribe the offence to the unsettled condition of the currency and the national finances. Now, the defaulting cashier had nothing to do with the condition of the currency, then why vex him for walking off with

the funds of the institution? Moreover, the humanitarian treatment of offences has received powerful aid from what may be called the congenital school of social philosophers, of whom Dr. Holmes may be said, in this country, to be the chief. According to them, everybody inherits the greater number of his propensities, and these propensities education can only modify in a small degree; therefore, it is almost impossible when anybody robs a till to fix the exact degree of his moral responsibility; almost every till-robber could, if he could produce his genealogical tree, point to an ancestor who gave signs of moral weakness, and who knows but the descendants may have derived it from him?

We have no wish to make the picture any darker than the facts will warrant. We acknowledge that one reason why knavery and fraud were rarer one or two hundred years ago than they are now is, that there was not the same opportunity for them. It is only in communities where great trust is imposed that great frauds can be committed, just as it is only in complex commercial communities that financial panics can occur. But, after making all due allowances, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that in the old whipping and branding days, bad as they were, society supplemented the law with heavier penalties than it now visits on cheats and tricksters. The moral sense was a good deal narrower, but it was stronger, and the sense of personal dignity was deeper, although men were undoubtedly more cruel and unrelenting in temper. Certain detestable types of character which are now becoming very common were then unknown, or, if known, certainly had no chance of social respect and consideration. One of the very valuable social features of Puritanism was the weight of its moral yoke. It made right living so stern and hard, so full of self-denial, that the cheats fled from it, and sooner than assume the burden gave up all claim to the good opinion of their neighbors.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 3, 1868.

At this time of year it is customary for the chief London newspapers to fill many columns with the history of the past year. If they could give us the merest glimpse of the history of next year, it would be more interesting. However, the plan has its advantages; and perhaps you will allow me to comply with it so far as to take a very slight survey of our present position. I am neither a historian nor a prophet; but there are certain signs of the times which those who run may read. I may say, then, at once that we have not for a long time entered upon a new year with so many gloomy forebodings. The legislative work of the last year amounted simply to passing the Reform bill. As the new elections are not held till 1869, we shall be left for some time to come without reaping any fruits from the measure, except the advantage of having put a perplexing question out of the way. There are, indeed, certain fag-ends of the reform question still to be wound up, which will waste a good deal of time. We have still to pass a Scotch bill and an Irish bill, and the clumsy mode in which the question of the franchise was complicated with the system of parochial rating will probably necessitate a certain quantity of patchwork to mend past bogging. In fact, it is the beauty of Parliamentary legislation that every new act involves another act or two to make it work properly. Meanwhile, we have a year's respite before the democratic deluge bursts upon us; or, another year's delay before we can expect the new element admitted into our constitution to put a little more energy to the work of bringing up arrears.

Let us see what there is to be done of pressing importance. I reckon it amongst the greatest advantages of the Reform bill that it has already forced upon the attention of all thoughtful men the question of education. Every branch of our educational system wants a thorough overhauling. As for the lowest classes, it has become plain that our future masters must be educated. The question is darkened and perplexed by a whole whirl of theological difficulties. The clergy object to have the matter taken out of their hands, and, at the same time, they won't educate dissenters unless they are allowed to make them orthodox. That is the short account of a dispute which diverges into infinite squabbles and recriminations and personalities, until there is danger of losing sight of the real points at issue. There is a vehement cry against secular education, and one of your bishops has come over to tell us that crime is increasing fearfully in America, because your children are taught to read and write by teachers who do not at the same time impress the catechism upon infant minds. I am incompetent to express any opinion upon that subject; but one thing is plain, that the state must take education out of the hands of any sect whatever, and insist that, in one way or other, English children shall be

rescued from their prevailing state of utter intellectual stagnation. The higher branches of our system are in almost equal need of reconstruction. The middle-class schools are detestable; and there is no technical education worth mentioning for our artisans and men of practical science. English manufactures are beginning to suffer because the Continental workmen have such superior means of acquiring the knowledge necessary to their craft; and the want of appropriate schools is thus telling upon that sensitive part—our pockets. The universities and great public schools for the highest classes again require a thorough reform, chiefly in the direction of a wider and more intelligent course of study. Seventy per cent. of the pupils, it is said, are absolutely idle, and most of the remnant receive nothing but a narrow training in Greek and Latin, with a sprinkling of mathematics.

A question in some respects closely connected with this is that of the National Church. It is one of the difficulties in the way of reform, as well of the highest as of the lowest parts of the educational system, that it is closely connected with a Church which is in name national, but which has in reality ceased to be more than the Church of a majority. The whole question, however, of a national church is becoming more and more perplexed. The High Churchmen and Ritualists tell us plainly that a state church is an abomination. The other extreme of opinion falls in with them; the divergence of parties within the Church makes it daily more difficult to drive so refractory and so discordant a team; and the difficulty of keeping the Church wide enough to admit all parties, and of at the same time making it satisfactory to each section of those parties, is threatening to become insuperable. There is danger of a disruption from within as well as of an assault from without. The end is probably far off, but it is plain that a whole series of ecclesiastical questions are coming up for solution which will find ample employment for the reformed Parliament. Whilst such questions as these are presenting themselves, we have to face another set of dangers which much increase the difficulty of a harmonious conclusion.

The whole commercial and manufacturing industry of the country is suffering more than it has done for years. For the first time for several years past the revenue has this quarter lost its elasticity. The income tax, which had been steadily increasing since 1848, has suffered a trifling decline; and this is only one symptom of a widely-spread distress. The commercial depression of the past year is beginning to tell sensibly upon the resources of the country. Railways are all in a bad way, partly from the mismanagement and reckless expenditure of which so many disclosures have lately come to light, partly from the general badness of trade, which, of course, affects their prosperity. The iron trade is bad; we are being undersold in foreign markets, and lost contracts where we should have had an undoubted advantage. The cotton manufacturers, again, are said to be working at a loss. The whole East End of London is out of employment, and a vast city is there on the verge of pauperism. All this, of course, implies a widely-spread distress. We have had three days of frost—the first in our mild English winter (for which, I may remark in passing, our climate seldom receives the credit it deserves). As I write, in a quiet part of London, I hear the melancholy chant of little bands of laborers who perambulate the streets, monotonously repeating, "We're all froze out, we're all froze out, we've got no work to do!" It is a disgraceful thing that two or three days' severe weather always produces this phenomenon. It seems as if the lowest classes considered every recurrence of frost to be due to a special miraculous intervention, and that there is nothing to be ashamed of in having made no more provision for such a catastrophe than for an earthquake. Of course, these howling beggars are the worst of their class, who prefer begging to suffering—a preference which is unknown to the better London poor. Many of these last prefer starving to taking charity, and I have no doubt that some of the howlers are mere impostors as well as improvident persons who have been in receipt of good wages during the summer. The "froze-out" men, however, are outward and visible signs of a great mass of misery which is lying and, I fear, increasing in our back lanes and alleys. Pauperism is at a higher point than it has reached for years. The existing distress is due to causes in which the legislature has a very slight and indirect share; but it brings out another set of evils which urgently require reform. The poor-law regularly breaks down under any excessive and unusual strain. At the West End of London we are tolerably comfortable, and the poor get a fair share of relief. At the East End, where everybody is poor, the relief is ineffective altogether, or is administered so as barely to keep the poor man's head above water for the time, when perhaps a more liberal assistance would have enabled him to scramble out of his difficulties. Workhouse exposures are things to which we are becoming accustomed, and in truth

the machinery, which was originally calculated to repel all persons not actually in need of relief, now seems to work in the direction of further degrading those who accept it. It frightens away beggars who could do without begging; but it also lowers the morals of those who are not frightened away, and they are unfortunately numerous.

Turning for a moment abroad, we have now got to that pleasant position that we can look on at all European affairs as unconcerned spectators. The position is perhaps more agreeable than dignified; but at least it gives us leisure to give King Theodorus a lesson in manners. It will only cost a few millions, and help to rub up any part of our military organization that may have grown rusty since the Crimean war. That we have some of the old capacity for mismanagement has been hastily inferred from the facts that we have lost already a large proportion of the mules which had been bought up regardless of expense, and that the delay consequent upon this and other misfortunes seems to give us a prospect of a campaign for two seasons. However, the army seems to be in good spirits, and we hope that their English pluck will bring them through somehow in spite of some English blundering. Without referring to other questions—including that little *Alabama* controversy, which, I may say without prejudice, every one would be glad to see satisfactorily settled, only that "satisfactorily" is a word of rather indefinite meaning—I must add that English attention is for the present very little given to foreign affairs. Fenians, Fenians—Fenians, might be the permanent heading of every newspaper. They are plundering gunmakers' shops in Cork, surprising martello towers—absurd little forts erected in the last war to hinder a French landing, and now guarded by two or three gunners—and threatening to blow up all kinds of buildings in every part of England. The Queen has written a letter to say she is not at all afraid in Osborn, and indeed the Fenians must be possessed by more than Fenian madness if they should attempt any insult to her Majesty. I hear, however, that she has been advised to alter her times of driving out—which would mean that some report of possible insult has been credited by the authorities. And what are Englishmen saying? One correspondent of the *Times* this morning regrets that the prosecution of Gov. Eyre has made martial law impossible; I am thankful that the atrocities committed under his authority put any such act of tyranny out of the question. In various less audacious forms the same cry is reflected with more or less energy. Meanwhile the other extreme—represented by Mr. T. Hughes—proposes something like a confiscation of all Irish landed property to satisfy the tenants. I cannot say that his scheme strikes me as very statesmanlike, though doubtless well meant. The Irish priests, or a part of them, have taken the opportunity to put out a manifesto assuring us that any such proposal would be useless. Their remedy appears to be nothing short of a repeal of the union and a recognition of the separate nationality of Ireland. In short, one party would be content with nothing but forcible suppression of the whole Irish people, and the opposite will be content with nothing but complete independence. Is any compromise possible? To find one will at least tax the abilities of our best statesmen.

If I were to sum up the impression derived from this cursory survey, it would doubtless be in some respects unfavorable. Yet I feel a confidence that the present difficulties of our position will probably lead to better things. The truth seems to be that we have gone on so long in a stupid complacency and boundless satisfaction with our old institutions that we suddenly find a large arrear of work upon our hands. The old semi-aristocratic forms are no longer suited to the day, and a thorough break-up of some kind must take place. We are on the eve of something like a revolution. I do not for a moment mean that we shall have any repetition of the scenes of 1789. There is no danger of seeing the guillotine erected in Trafalgar Square or the Thames full of aristocratic corpses. And one reason is that the governing classes are as fully convinced as others of the necessity of some profound changes. It may be that when they mean to give an inch we shall take an ell, and that they will find it hard to relax their grasp without having their fingers forced open altogether. When we once begin to change, it is hard to say how soon we shall stop; but that great changes are impending seems to be generally agreed, as also that they will be brought about in a constitutional manner. Nor do I see, in spite of many grievances and much conservative stupidity, that the country is at all wanting in the talent or the energy which is necessary to secure the desired results. We shall have an era of excitement very unlike the quiet indifference characteristic of the Palmerstonian era; and, if no unexpected contingencies occur, I think we may have sanguine hopes that the fermentation will end before long in producing a far better social and political state of things than we have lately enjoyed.

Correspondence.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP AND WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Allow me to beg that you will correct a singular mistake in your issue of January 2, in which paper, I have lately noticed, you say: "One of the most singular manifestations of the hostility of the priests to modern ideas is the opposition of the French clergy, headed by the now famous Bishop of Orleans, M. Dupanloup, to the movement for the higher education of women. All attempts to teach women to *think*, to give them any other education than what is called the 'education of the heart,' and which is supplied by priests, they treat, and rightly, as a blow struck at the supremacy of the Church," etc., etc. Nothing can be more incorrect than this statement concerning Bishop Dupanloup; you might with equal truth say that the Republican party of the United States, with Thaddeus Stevens at their head, had united in opposing negro suffrage; for Thaddeus Stevens is no greater advocate of colored men's voting than is Monseigneur Dupanloup of the education and cultivation of women. Of this you can easily convince yourselves by reading his excellent article, published in the October and November numbers of the *Catholic World*, on "Learned and Studious Women." One more able, complete, and instructive you could scarcely find; or one, I should say, judging from the reformatory views you have expressed in your paper, more likely to meet your entire approval. In order to confirm my assertion, I will make a few short extracts, although I feel that you can obtain but a poor idea of the beauty of the whole from these disconnected fragments:

STUDY REGARDED AS A DUTY.

"The rights of women to intellectual culture are not merely rights—they are also duties. This is what makes them inalienable. If they were only rights, women could sacrifice them; but they are duties. The sacrifice is either impossible or ruinous. This is the point of departure for all I have to say. I declare unhesitatingly that it is a woman's duty to study and educate herself, and that intellectual labor should have a place reserved among her special occupations and among her most important obligations."

PIETY WITHOUT INTELLECTUAL CULTURE NOT SUFFICIENT.

"I have no hesitation in saying—and how many experiences have contributed to fortify my conviction—that there are times when piety itself does not suffice. Work, and sometimes very serious intellectual work, is required. Drawing and painting are not enough, unless the painting be of a very elevated character. What the hour calls for, is a strong and firm application of the understanding to some serious work, literary, philosophical, or religious. Then will calmness, peace, serenity be restored. Let us acknowledge the truth. Rigid principles and empty occupations, devotion combined with a purely material or worldly life, make women destitute of resources in themselves, and sometimes insupportable to their husbands and children. But allow a woman two hours of hard study every day, during which the faculties of her soul can recover their balance, perplexities assume their true proportions, good sense and judgment resume their sway, excitement subside and peace re-enter the soul, then she will lift up her head once more; she will see that the intellectual life to which she aspires, in accordance with a craving implanted in her being by God himself, is not denied to her."

LOVE OF DRESS THE GREAT OBSTACLE TO STUDY.

"The objection of want of time, the grand objection so often brought forward, remains to be examined. Have women the time to devote to intellectual pursuits? Let us be honest and confess that there are two obstacles to the leisure: talking and dress. Yes; the great misfortune of women is, that they indulge in long hours of conversation among themselves, and about what, if not dress, gossip, and housekeeping?

"Now, nothing lowers the mind and soul like talking about trifles for hours, and there is but one method of remedying the evil—*increase the time devoted to study*, thus shortening in an equal degree the hours frittered away in conversation, and supplying mental food far superior to the vulgar subjects that now exhaust so many minds and souls.

"As for dress, too much cannot be said against it, not only as a cause of ruin to women of the world, but a dissolvent of all earnestness even among virtuous Christian women. Dress! That is what wastes the time and exhausts the spirit of women; that is what takes them from their domestic duties, and not these poor, calumniated books. Every attentive observer will recognize, as I do, that it is a taste for the world and for dress that detaches them from home interests far more than a taste for study."

From these extracts you can see how very far Monseigneur Dupanloup is from being opposed to the "higher education" of women. I do not, of course, for a moment charge you with intentionally misinterpreting his sentiments, in order to add to the prejudice existing in the minds of many against the Roman Catholic Church. I am too well assured of your liberality and freedom from bigotry to imagine such a thing, but allow me to say that I should not have expected to find in a journal of the ability and intelligence of yours an instance of so great carelessness. I do not think any one should have attempted to comment so severely upon the Bishop of

Orleans's position until he had made some effort to ascertain what that position was—no very difficult undertaking, I should suppose, in the present case. In conclusion, let me add that I think, apart from the well-known excellence of Monseigneur Dupanloup's character, courtesy is particularly due to him at our hands, from the fact that in our late civil contest, when there were so few noted men in Europe who did aught by voice or pen to assist the cause of the North, he was one of those few, and I consider that he is entitled not only to the respect and admiration of all Catholics, but of all loyal Americans.

CAROLINE E. WHITE.

412 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, January 19, 1867.

[We admit that we may have done Bishop Dupanloup injustice. The article in the *Catholic World* was noticed in the *Nation* in terms of strong commendation at the time of its appearance. Our impression that the bishop was opposed to "the higher education of women," as we understand the term, was derived from his violently denunciatory letter to M. Duruy, which we have, unfortunately, not preserved, but which would have justified, it seemed to us, even stronger censure than we expressed, and which was criticised by the French and English press in the same spirit as by us. We have since seen, however, an explanation by Cardinal Bonnechose, if we remember rightly, that the letter was written under a mistaken idea of the object of the minister's circular. While, however, regretting that we should have done the bishop injustice, either through oversight or misunderstanding, we must add that we still believe if we came to enquire what he really means by "the higher education of women," and under what conditions he would have it carried on, we should find there is a fatal difference between our understanding of the term and his. The Austrian clergy, and even the Pope himself, proclaim themselves at this moment the best friends of education in the world, but then the Austrians and Italians do not believe them, no matter how many articles they write and sermons they deliver, nor do we. When an Austrian or French bishop talks of "education," he talks of something utterly different, not in degree only but in kind, from what we understand by it. Perhaps their conception is the better of the two, but this is not a question we can discuss here.—ED. NATION.]

OLD-BOOK CATALOGUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: Our attention has been called to an article in your paper of this week, subject "A Catalogue [issued by this house] of Old Books."

The manuscript for the catalogue in question was made and prepared for the printer by the owner and proprietor of the books (a born Frenchman). We have nothing to say in the matter excepting so far as the inferences and intimations contained in the article may tend to injure our business. We do not profess to be very deeply versed in classical literature, but we know enough to copy a title-page (dates and all) accurately, and to distinguish a "folio calf" from an octavo sheep, or a duodecimo turkey. We remain your obedient servants,

LEAVITT, STREBEIGH & CO.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press three works: "Naphegyi's Album of Language, Illustrated by the Lord's Prayer in One Hundred Languages;" a new book by Hepworth Dixon with the title "Spiritual Wives;" "Annals of the Christian Commission," written by the Reverend Lemuel Moss; "A Manual of United States Surveying," by J. H. Hawes, who has practised the rectangular survey of public lands in the West; a novel called "Abraham Page, Esquire;" and a work announced as "The Science of Knowledge," by J. G. Fichte—a new translation, we presume, of the celebrated philosopher's "Ueber den Begriff der Wissenschaftslehre."—A letter which has got into print informs us of the establishment of a new publishing house under the name of J. B. Ford & Co., and that its first venture will be the safe one of publishing a "Life of Christ," by Mr. Beecher, who says he has long meditated it.—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton add to their list "The Charities of New York," by a writer who keeps his name unknown; "Letters on International Copyright," by Henry C. Carey; the twelfth volume of Mr. Charles Allen's "Report of Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts;" and four books reprinted from *London Society*, all in paper covers and all illustrated. Their titles are as follows:

"Beautiful Miss Johnson;" "May Eaglestone's Lover;" "Sketches of Club Life;" and "Sketches of Society and Travel," by the "Lambeth Casual."

—We have received a catalogue of the library left by the great philologist Bopp, lately deceased at Berlin. Trübner & Company have them for distribution. The books are not to be scattered under the hammer, but are offered for sale all together, bids to be received until March 1. We hope the executors may be justified in their confidence that the collection can be successfully disposed of in this way. It is always sad to see a great man's library dispersed to the four winds of heaven; and there can be but few others in existence which have such a unique value as this, as a gathering, in great part, of testimonial volumes. The authors' autographs and inscriptions which it contains ought themselves to be worth no small sum. Why should not, as in many a like case before, some American institution step in and carry off the prize from European competitors? Even if our longer-established libraries are restrained, by scantiness of means, or by their possession already of a part of the works composing the collection, from bidding for it, there are others which, like the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, or the Cornell University, are just beginning, with more ample funds, and which, by seizing the opportunity here offered, would at once place themselves in an enviable condition as regards the department of linguistics. The sale is for the benefit of the widow, who, as we are informed on the best authority, is left in straitened circumstances. The great master, whom all the world looked up to and admired, was treated by his Government with a niggardliness which is apt to characterize their dealings with their literary and scientific servants; and in his later years of partial invalidism he was obliged to eke out an insufficient salary by drawing upon his small store of savings in better times. It is not our duty to make up the shortcomings of the great Prussian monarchy; yet there would be a satisfaction in helping to fulfil what must have been the last wishes of a man who has earned a title to the gratitude of all coming generations. Trübner & Co., of London, have catalogues, which may be had on application, and we observe that they offer to receive tenders for the purchase of the library.

—"The Old Roman World" is reviewed in the last *North American* by a critic who forfeits his title to the praise of geniality. The author reviewed is Doctor Lord—Doctor John Lord, let us say, for there is a David N. Lord. The latter has written one volume of an uncompleted epic on "Visions of Paradise," but ought not to be confounded with the author of "The Old Roman World." The *North American* reviewer puts into parallel columns passages quoted from Doctor Lord's book and passages which he happens to have read in Professor Philip Smith's contributions to Doctor William Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography." He applies his method to several cases of [columnar] parallelism, but it will be sufficient to exhibit one of many. Dr. Lord informs us that

"His (Polygnotus's) pictures had nothing of that elaborate grouping, aided by the powers of perspective, so much admired in modern art. The figures were grouped in regular lines, as in the bas-reliefs upon a frieze."

Professor Smith says that

"His (Polygnotus's) pictures had nothing of that elaborate, yet natural, grouping, aided by the powers of perspective, which is so much admired in modern works of art. The figures seem to have been grouped in regular lines, as in the bas-reliefs upon a frieze."

It will be seen that the words in italics are not to be found in Doctor Lord's remarks. As the critic himself confesses, Doctor Lord has put on record his contempt of a pedantic display of learning, yet the criticism cites not only quotations from Professor Smith's articles, but passages from an essay written by Doctor Arnold—one which but few people have ever thought of reading. It is a relief to turn to a "genial notice" which is published in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

"Doctor Lord," says the second critic, "surveys the character of the consecutive ages with penetrative glances. The train of moral causes and effects is traced in the spirit of a true Christian philosophy. The style flows in perfect consistency with the subject in a grand, powerful, majestic, transparent current. The last three chapters, in which he answers the questions, Why did not Paganism arrest the ruin? and, Why did not Christianity arrest the ruin? and describes the legacy of the early church to future generations, are particularly original, vigorous, and truthful. The work is entitled to take a high place among our popular standards of Roman history."

There is a difference, that the reader will at once perceive, between the way in which these reviewers treat their author. Under the one system of criticism merit is recognized, honor is freely given to honesty, industry, and ability. Under the other, there is no geniality; literary charlatanism grows rank; honest, valuable workers are depressed and discouraged.

—One of the small secrets of literature, as Mr. Anthony Trollope calls them, is revealed by the *Bookseller* for December. It concerns the *Owl*, a comic paper published in London, of which few Americans know anything, and of which most of us who know of it at all only know that it was on the side of the late Confederacy during the war of the rebellion. That it should have been so will not seem strange, now that the story of its origin is made known. At about midnight, one Saturday, some gentlemen were standing in the recess of a window in Lady Palmerston's drawing-room, and were busily talking together. Lord Palmerston came up to them, and asked what it was about which they were deliberating. Somebody answered that they were considering the possibility of establishing a new paper, in which his lordship and whatever was to be found in her ladyship's drawing-room—love, marriage, and diplomacy—should be heartily quizzed. "What next?" Lord Palmerston is represented as saying. "A conspiracy in my own house! You owls!" So the establishment of the new paper having been decided on, Lord Palmerston's term of reproach suggested a title, and on the same night, at the St. James's Club, the distribution of parts for the first number was made. There was no thought of profit, so the financial arrangements were soon made, and a small news-vender was installed as publisher. Among the early contributors were Messrs. Borthwick and Laurence Oliphant, the Honorable Evelyn Ashley, Lord Palmerston's private secretary, Lord Houghton, Max Schlesinger, Odo Russell, and the Honorable E. Ponsonby. Its deep insight into all impending marrying and giving in marriage in high life procured for the *Owl* celebrity and expensive advertisements, so that it was at once pecuniarily successful, and it was successful in another sense by reason of its wit and humor. But Palmerston died; the contributors were scattered, some going to India, some to Canada—leaving the kingdom on which the sun never shines for all parts of the empire on which the sun never sets—and the paper ceased to be what it had been. The editor of the *Morning Post*, however, who was one of its founders, stuck to it, and it is still profitable to its owners, though the public calls it dull.

—Such male Americans as have been giving to women what they suspected to be too great respect and civility will be pleased to find that, after all, their conduct has been not without reason. *La Liberté* discovers a sufficient justification for them. They are conservators, it seems, of the traditions of our colonial times. Once women were rare among us; so what more natural than that, being little known, they should be valued, liked, petted? Well, then, it was so that it happened, and so it still happens; for on the western side of our giant Republic always there are new States in which women are few, and the old colonial tradition in regard to their value is always kept in full life and strength. So *La Liberté* goes on. There is nothing beats a Frenchman at philosophizing—except a philosopher—and it may be worth while to hear from our writer what it is in our present condition that we owe to our inordinate deference to woman. In the first place, our men of science look to feminine approbation for a career, for place, honors, riches, glory. Feminine influence is felt even in colleges and universities. Women invade the libraries, conservatories, museums. It is necessary to prepare for them beautiful saloons, ornamented with all sorts of curiosities, whither they lead their admirers, where they chatter and prattle. In the United States the professor cannot succeed unless the American woman is pleased with him. There is serious danger that she will import into his severe domain trouble, feebleness, frivolity, superficiality. Even the astronomer of the Republic is not undevout; women demand of him that he shall show them the rings of Saturn, the satellites of Jupiter, and he submits and does it. This last assertion seems incredible.

—We mentioned some weeks ago the discovery by Mr. Charles Edmonds of a unique copy of a hitherto unknown edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis." It was found in the house of Sir Charles Isham at Lampport, Northamptonshire, and that gentleman has consented to the printing in fac-simile of a few—we believe one hundred—copies of the work. The volume contains, it will be remembered, not only the "Venus and Adonis," but also a collection of pieces known as the "Passionate Pilgrim," "Epigrams and Elegies" by Sir John Davies and Christopher Marlow, and Marlow's "Ovid's Elegies." In the same lumber-room where this precious volume was discovered Mr. Edmonds found many other works of the first degree of rarity, belonging to the Elizabethan era, and of some of these, too, Sir Charles will permit a reprint to be made. Bibliographers will also be interested in learning that by application to Joseph Smith, author and publisher, at No. 2 Oxford Street, Whitechapel, they may obtain "A Descriptive Catalogue of Friends' Books." It contains more than two

thousand octavo pages, and describes, with occasional critical remarks and biographical notices, all books written by Quakers.

—The number of new books, pamphlets, and other publications of a single year in Great Britain is now about four thousand. This is exclusive of reprints. In 1867, for example, there have appeared 4,144 new books and new editions. In 1866, the number was 4,204. In 1760, the new works published in Great Britain were about 93 in number. But this number is, exclusive of pamphlets and tracts. From 1800 to 1827, the average number had risen to 588; in 1836, it had risen to 1,332; and now, as we have said, it is not far from 4,000. So England reads about forty times as much as it did in the days when George the Third was king, or rather when he began to be king, and seven or eight times as much as it did in the end of his reign—the palmy days adorned by Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, Lamb, Wilson, and the others. As to the constituent parts of this mass of literature, it is thus divided: of religious works there are 849; of novels there are less than half as many, the number being 410; minor works of fiction and children's books come between novels and books of a religious character, and number 535; then come 257 volumes of annuals and serials, 212 works of travel and topography, 210 of English philology and education, 193 historical and biographical works, 196 on European and classical theology and translations—whatever "European theology" may be—150 books of poetry and the drama. Next follow, in nearly equal numbers, works on politics and questions of the day, on science, on medicine and surgery, and on law. Books on trade and commerce, horticulture and agriculture, art and architecture, naval and military subjects, and books classed as miscellaneous, fill out the list, and make the total number 4,144.

—A very fruitful comparison has been undertaken between the smallest and the largest republic of the world by Prof. Rüttimann, of Zürich, in a work entitled "Das nordamerikanische Bundesstaatsrecht verglichen mit den politischen Einrichtungen der Schweiz," of which the first volume is mentioned by the *Chronicle*. The author's interpretation of our fundamental law is shown by his rejecting Calhoun's theory of nullification, and the freshness of his information by his remarks upon the evil effects of an elective judiciary, illustrated by the example of New York. The second volume is promised for this year, "giving an account of the whole material resources of the federal power."—A. Bastian's book on "The Nations of Eastern Asia" (Die Völker der östlichen Asien) is a valuable and timely contribution to the geography and ethnography of that once remote continent. The fourth volume, just published, contains the author's account of his journey through Cambodia to Cochinchina. He intends to treat, in the next volume, of Japan, China, and the Archipelago (more especially Singapore, Batavia, and Manilla), and in the sixth volume of Mongolia and Siberia, and his return through the Caucasus, Southern Russia, and Galicia. The final volume will contain an essay on Buddhism.—The third section of the third volume of Wilhelm von Giesebrecht's "Geschichte der deutschen Kaiserzeit" (History of the Times of the German Emperors), which has just appeared, relates to the rule of Henry V., and gives, as usual, copious references. The work occupies the front rank among German histories.—"Das deutsche Land," or Germany, in its characteristic traits and historical relations, by Dr. T. Kutzen, is written in a warm and genial spirit, but presupposes an acquaintance with the history and geography of the country.

"THE MANNERS OF THE DAY" IN PARIS.*

THE common aim of French *littérateurs* at the present moment seems to be to out-do Juvenal on his own line, and M. Feydeau has bent his bow last, and, we may say, shot furthest. It is hardly needful to say that his story is a tale of the seventh commandment, as that injunction is handled in French fictitious literature. It is filled with all manner of indecent episodes, and terminates in an incident so monstrous that its exact nature is not even hinted to us, and the heroine, in consequence of her share in it, is despatched by her husband to a madhouse. We can imagine the indignation of M. Feydeau's *confrères* at his having been beforehand with them in this charming contrivance. The next one who writes a novel will have, under penalty of seeming insufferably prudish, to invent something still more exasperating; for the public desires are irritated with each successive dose of its stimulus, and it is not easy to see what they will finally require. The hero of M. Feydeau's work is a young professor, "the hope of the university," whose life is made wretched by his passion for the Comtesse de Châlis,

"one of the three or four women *qui donnent le ton* to Europe." M. Feydeau concludes triumphantly in favor of a literal interpretation and a strict observation of the seventh commandment aforesaid. Toward the close of his story the hero is made to exclaim: "Who does not dream at twenty of having a married woman for mistress? *C'est si flatteur! et si camarade!* But it drags us through shame until, at the end, we despise ourselves." It has been only a subordinate intention of the author, however, to lead us to this undisputed conclusion. His chief purpose is to show how degraded—how (in its own language) "*excanaille*" the tone of the best society must have become when such women as Madame de Châlis are its queens, and such creatures as a little beast of a prince, who is another of her lovers, its paladins. The work is of a happy length; it is anything but dull; the character of the Countess, in its utter ignobleness and triviality, leaves a vivid impression; the incidents are highly ingenious, and hideous enough to gratify the most fastidious taste. The moral passages, although numerous, are short, and in the last degree entertaining. When, for instance, soon after the beginning of the hero's intimacy with the Countess, he undertakes to wean her from the vanities and follies which have hitherto occupied her attention, this is the way he does it: "Raising my finger to the stars, I explained to her, in language which I strove to make as clear as possible, the most formidable problems which have impassioned humanity. I began by retracing the history of the probable formation of the worlds. I told their number, their distance from the earth," etc., etc., for a page. "An hour was enough for me to condense in a rapid improvisation the discoveries of Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, Laplace. It took hardly another to pass in review the labors of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Lamarck, Lyell, Vogt, Darwin." He then sketches for her the history of humanity, "*toujours émue, quoique toujours désole*;" how empires have succeeded empires and perished "by the exaggeration of the principle of invasion. India," he continues, "Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Carthage, Greece, Rome, passed each in turn through my recital, with its *escort* of great men. But there was needed a conclusion to so many incoherent events, and this conclusion, as I thought, could only consist in principles of fixed morality, leading to a rule of conduct." This rule the speaker proceeds to unfold, in a voluminous manner, through eight more pages, in the course of which, by the way, he attributes the social corruption of Paris to the "infection of the manners of foreigners," who flock thither "by virtue of that attraction which the French character has always exerted on neighboring nations." The upshot of it all is that the Countess straightway modifies her manner of life, and under his direction devotes several weeks to teaching her children to read, enjoys "the pleasure of giving, the most noble which the human species knows," visits the humblest cottages, and hovers over "nauseous beds where misery tossed side by side with suffering." He, meanwhile, subjects her to a course of sound reading, "striving to maintain her in a sort of intellectual *juste milieu*, equally removed from rigorism and from license," and, in fine, to combine instruction with amusement.

If an American were to write the history of a woman's conversion in this supremely flippant way, we should not know what to be most amused with, his puerility or his pedantry. And yet to the average French mind the sentimental portions of M. Feydeau's narrative will doubtless seem very natural and touching. Even to such a reader, however, they must yield in reality and interest to the more repulsive portions. So long as the exploits of vice are so clearly described, so long will books of this class continue to be read for the sake of their pictures of vice. It is true that accurate descriptions of deformed natures and perverted feelings may do a certain amount of good. No doubt, by their vivid representations of the extreme of certain illicit paths, they inspire fresh young minds with a mistrust and a loathing which stiffen their limbs against the first easy steps. We feel certain that that very superior work, "Madame Bovary," for example, has done in the aggregate a vast deal of real service. But to minds which have once parted with their freshness and youth, works even more sternly didactic than the one just mentioned, so long as they pretend to teach exclusively by example, will be sure to do more harm than good. Such books are useful only as they stimulate thought, and the great objection to them is that *prima facie*—for superficial readers—they tend to repress thought. One may say that the great mass of readers are superficial, that it is only here and there that they possess sufficient moral vigor to react against the subtle drowsiness of conscience which accompanies the perusal of the works to which we allude, and one is therefore almost led to write them down. But one ends by feeling the pulse of his own conscience, and, finding it steady, concludes that, on the whole, in the interest of art it is good policy to prohibit nothing which makes a claim to artistic merit.

* "La Comtesse de Châlis; ou les Mœurs du Jour. Par Ernest Feydeau." Paris: Michel Lévy. 1868.

M. Feydeau's novel goes beyond this, and makes a claim to be considered as a work of edification. Under this head, for the reasons we have suggested—for the want of substance and penetration in the moral element of the narrative—we consider it a total failure. Viewed as a work of art, it is not much better. It has no originality or beauty, and no particular charm beyond the luck of having come out of a good literary school. Thanks to their Juvenalian literature (among other things), the citizens of the French capital are winning an odd reputation in unsophisticated foreign lands. It certainly seems unfair toward a poor sinner to take advantage of his *peccavi* to ventilate your own superior virtue, but it takes a vast deal of magnanimity to prevent one from doing so. One may almost say, indeed, that it is the sinner's fault if you do. What business else had he to be full and so graphic in his avowal? Still, we shall be none the worse for closing up the interview by a speedy absolution. The desire to properly qualify one's mind for an enlightened abhorrence of vice by the perusal of such books as the "Comtesse de Châlis" seems to us by no means the least reprehensible trait of the "manners of the day," and any thing but a symptom of reaction against them. But we cannot help believing that, in the great city where they have reached the extravagant pitch registered by M. Feydeau, a reaction is destined to come, either in peace or in violence. Meanwhile, in other great cities where things are fortunately not quite so bad, we can very well afford to let Parisian chroniclers pile up documents for future antiquarians without trying too hard to keep our own contemporaneous researches on a level with our natural enthusiasm for propriety—lest some day they should get ahead of it.

"TEMPLE HOUSE."*

THE chief figure in "Temple House" is Argus Gates, a man of the sort which female novelists, considered as intellectual beings, have been for a long time asking us to admire. Next is Sebastian Ford, a man of the sort which female novelists, considered as creatures of sentiment and poetic passion, depict as all but irresistible. Then we have John Carfield, who addresses himself to the animal side of female novelists. There are other male personages in the book, and there are several female figures—Roxalana Gates, Temple Drake, and, most important, Virginia Brande, whom the tall, florid, deep-voiced, insolent, and sensual Carfield desires to marry, who loves or thinks she loves Argus Gates, icy, misanthropic, blaspheming, proud, sceptical, middle-aged, poor, scornful, cigar-smoking, epigrammatic, bitter; whom, finally, the olive-tinted, dreamy, sympathetic, hot-blooded, beautiful Sebastian seems to love, and who, if we do not mistake Mrs. Stoddard's intentions, is going, in turn, to love the creole.

If we do not mistake the author's intentions, we say. We may as well secure the reader of the story from a possible disappointment by informing him that "Temple House" is a story that has no end. Properly enough, too, for it has almost no plot, and should have no catastrophe—no ultimate result to which various actions tend. Not, for the matter of that, that it is uncommon to find writers as clever as Mrs. Stoddard putting into the last pages of a novel some inconsequent event, calamitous or fortunate, which is to be accepted as the natural upshot of the events of the other pages. But Mrs. Stoddard, whatever other mistakes she has fallen into, has not fallen into this one. We hardly know why. She has an inveterate habit of dealing in hints and innuendoes; perhaps that is the reason; perhaps to her the conclusion seems perfectly intelligible, though we make nothing of it, or, if we make anything, it is this—that a woman needs two men. But we are not willing to say that the novel is meant to teach this lesson, and say sincerely that we distrust our own judgment in the matter. For we found very many single sentences, epigrammatic and philosophic, as we read through the book, of which we could not get the meaning, and we suppose that, in the case of a writer so perspicuous in style as Mrs. Stoddard, this is to be attributed to our inability to follow the subtle shiftings of her thought. Sometimes we understood her clearly and easily, but sometimes only with difficulty and vaguely; and though we paid her the compliment of always thinking she was saying something worth hearing, and of trying to comprehend what it was, yet sometimes we understood her neither fully nor partly, neither clearly nor obscurely, but simply not at all. The book may, therefore, really have an end which we missed finding. But we think that it either ought not to have any end, or ought logically to have the one—hardly supposable as meant by the author—which we have mentioned—Virginia ought to marry Argus, and have in Sebastian a lover. If we say that Argus, out of his friendship for Sebastian, probably yields him Virginia, still we have on our hands Virginia's long and powerful love for

Argus, to say nothing of the love existing between Sebastian and Temple Drake.

But, on the whole, we think it not quite fair to presume that the author had plot or catastrophe seriously in mind when she wrote her story. "Temple House" is intended as an attempt at the painting of character, or a gallery for the exhibition of pictures of Argus, Sebastian, Roxalana, and the others. Argus is of an old New England family, has been a sea-captain, is now forty years old, was always poor, but just before the story commences is still further impoverished by the extravagance of a rascally brother, and lives meanly in the ancient house of the Temples, a decaying old building in a decayed town which, we are told, is in New England. Argus is a self-contained, cynical philosopher. He smokes continually. He drinks at a sitting two and three quarts of brandy. He is at times brutally and heartlessly coarse and cruel in his speech, though he never loses his temper; he makes the pleasing remarks of Rochester with the coolness of Mephistopheles. At other times his manners are even courtly in their finish. Indifference he carries to its highest pitch. Mrs. Stoddard does not say so, but we know his whole family: he would kill his only surviving grandmother every day in the week in a perfectly easy manner, a kind of a casual way, and then with a cigar—which we should "instinctively feel was of the best quality"—would walk among the shrubbery and scent the evening air, expressing doubts as to the immortality of the soul, and making severe remarks on woman and the clergy. We quote a passage in which at one and the same time this being of iron and ice exhibits his profanity, his independence, his brutality and his suavity, his knowledge of the world and his empire over others. Let us remark first that his niece Tempe bursts into the house one day where Argus is sitting with Roxalana, and announces angrily that she wants pocket-money, and requires to be informed why she is kept so shabbily. Argus ventures to offer this suggestion: "I will tell you why you cannot have money. Your father robbed me of so much that I shall never be able to be generous to his daughter."—"It's a lie!" Tempe interjects.—"And I will tell you a way to get money. Marry it." Thereupon Tempe marries a rich young man who shortly afterwards dies. Argus is present at the wedding, where he is, as regards Miss Virginia, polished, though dreadfully cynical, as may be seen in the quotation below, but where, as regards John Drake, he "sits down on him," as they say, with severity:

"Tempe is going on a journey," she says. "You will miss her."

"I have just been speaking with that blonde puppy, her husband, about it. I have no idea that I shall suffer in her absence. How do you think he will enjoy himself in my society? They are to be with us, you know."

"I am almost sorry to hear that."

"Why are you sorry?"

"I like the house as it is; the intrusion of a stranger may change its aspect."

"This is one of your whims. You remind me of those French women who retire to a convent for a week or two of prayer and bread and water. When they return to the world their lovers' oaths have a new charm, and their wine a fresh sparkle."

"Don't hurt me."

Argus looked at her, and his eyes blazed with a quick mischievous fire. It was impossible for her, with all her sense of conventionality, not to show that she felt his glances.

"I like to hurt you," he said.

John Drake appealed to them, and smilingly nodded to Virginia. His bright silken hair spread wildly round his head; his delicate face was deeply flushed, his mouth was half open, and as he approached his gait was uncertain.

"Damn you," said Argus, "you are drunk."

Virginia rose, and drew John's arm towards her.

"Come," she said, "I want to see your mother's celebrated cactus plants. I know where they are; will you show them to me?"

Argus, of course, possesses—let us say this in the interest of the female producers of fiction, who often construct a hero who is a sad fool, but never one who has not some really manly traits,—Argus, of course, possesses the courage of a paladin, as much nerve and strength as if he were not a loafing smoker, and, when roused, as much energy as an earthquake. One day he sits and reads comedies—Wycherly's, we fear, or Mr. Congreve's. His women folk and a most astonishing creature of a sailor urge him in their various ways to take a stroll down to the harbor-bar and save a shipwrecked crew. What does he do? He smiles superior, he lights a cigar, he looks at the weather, and returns to his comedy. By and by, however, this man who knows everything, who can do everything, who is never at a loss, who is always cool, looks at the weathercock, makes a subtle, mocking reference to his winding-sheet, goes down to the beach, and saves a young man's life. It is Sebastian Ford, a young gentleman of half-English, half-Portuguese blood, who flees from home because he discovers his mother's guilty connection with a priest, knocks about the world, having guilty connections of

* "Temple House. A Novel. By Elizabeth Stoddard." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

his own, and is finally cast on shore in Kent harbor. Argus takes him, insensible, into his house. It is on this same night that we discover the possible tenderness of the bitter, world-weary man. Sebastian, waking from his swoon, finds Argus watching by his bed, and thus these two converse, swearing friendship, or rather finding it inexplicably made to their hands:

Sebastian, aware of the physical strain he had gone through, was amazed at his increasing brightness and deep refreshment.

"How do you do it, Argus?" he exclaimed.

"I don't do it. Do you suppose there will be such a storm again?"

"You are a strange man."

"Because I observe you through a number of glasses? It is my telescopic way. I am a marine, you know—one of the shelved monsters of the deep. Have you a fancy to start a museum?"

"Yes,—and begin with that curiosity between men—our friendship."

"I said, 'your friend.' I am not inclined to twist my mouth with repeating a phrase I have not used for forty-one years."

"Heavens! how old are you?"

"Forty-one."

Sebastian pulled his moustache with the air of solving a problem, and Argus walked up and down the room as if there was no problem left him to solve. Each observed the other furtively, and both felt a sentiment new to them.

"I have provoked Nature into a conspiracy," said Argus at length. "I experience something akin to the *Ideal*. I have refused to learn it from ordinary circumstances—she has thrown you towards me."

"And I," replied Sebastian, "find something in the Real, which I have struggled against. I'll try a few steps on the floor, too."

He slipped from the cot, and stood dizzy and reeling.

"Steady," said Argus, approaching him; "you still have on your sea legs."

Sebastian flung his arms round the neck of Argus, and kissed his cheek.

We may as well have done with Argus at once; so we give a scene which shows him when Virginia Brande is impelled to make her love known to him. He is sitting asleep, or apparently asleep, in a summer-house:

She watched the light playing over his cold, steadfast face; his bowed head and long drooping hands, so fixed and motionless in their pale hue, reminding her of the pictures in illuminated missals. Stooping towards him, she softly put her hands in his, and was caught in an iron grasp. Argus stood up, wide awake, and drew her close to him; their eyes met, and instantly he disengaged his hands.

"Why, my girl, Virginia," he whispered, turning his face away; but, she struck him slightly, and said:

"Look again, Argus, and read me something."

He was obliged to meet her eyes again, and as he did so a faint streak of color passed over his face. It seemed to him that he was recalling something that had happened long ago—events, or incidents, which perplexed him when passing, although he did not know it till now. He shook his head involuntarily. Virginia started backwards as if frightened, and her hat fell off, dropping between them. Argus frowned at it, and said, "Damnation!" then picked it up. As she took it from his hand she moved towards the door of the summer-house, still facing him; she looked so sweet, and sincere, and so indescribably dignified withal, that he felt a pang of regret to have her go, and said, "Damnation!" again.

"Only oaths, Argus?"

Her face looked set now, and there were hurt smiles in her beautiful eyes. He sprang to her.

"You would have me confess, Virginia, that I am a man, after all, and that I know I am touched by the flame burning in *you*. Does it please you to hear me? As for oaths,—come here—put your head over my heart,—it swears by what it must reject."

Argus we have seen and Sebastian we have seen; it remains to let Mr. Carfield come into view. He has been living for some time at Mr. Brande's, has lent the old gentleman money, and is everywhere looked on as the accepted suitor of Miss Virginia. On one occasion, just before intruding himself into the lady's chamber with intent to compromise her so fatally that she perforce must marry him, he discourses to her after the fashion, which would please or has pleased, Mr. Whitman:

"It may be absurd, but do you know that I expect to marry you? When your father came to see my father, his old friend, worth—let me see how much—say three hundred thousand dollars—I heard him describe his daughter and his Forge, one as handsome, talented, free, the other as an ugly fixture, restricted, encumbered. I believed him; so did my father, a clever, sharp old man. He said, 'Go to Kent.' I came, and am not sorry for coming. There is a hundred thousand dollars of my money here; every day of my stay has cost me hundreds. I gamble with the Forge for your speech, your gestures, your attentions, your presence, for *you*. I love you. Do you know what that means? Do you understand men, my princess? We are procreators, providers, protectors, but we are lustful, acute, selfish for you women; the best, wisest, most tender hero is also what I say. What would be the form of society if it were not so? When our functions cease, let us be children again, and gentle, fulfilling the charities, and bridge our way to heaven. Be my wife, give me children; divide with me the goods of this world; change the look which is in your eyes sometimes—an expectation of the thin, airy goods of the next world—and meet mine with that

hope which allures weak men to madness and death, and incites strong men to pluck the jewels from the crown of life, and wear them as kings."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

THE *North American* has, we see, formally discarded its old rule, and in this number, except as regards the critical notices, gives at the end of the articles the author's name. To this there can be no objection; for, whatever they once were, quarterly reviews are nowadays only quarterly volumes of essays, and the arguments, weighty or otherwise, against the anonymous system as applied to writing in daily and weekly periodicals, have no application to the case of reviews, which no longer serve, and but very seldom aim to serve, any particular party. The corrector of the press, by the way, would do well to watch closely in future for a confusion of the plural and singular forms of the first personal pronoun, two or three instances of which we observed in reading through the articles.

The writers in the number for January are Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr. ("Beaton"), Mr. W. D. Howells ("Francesco Dall' Ongaro's Stornelli"), Mr. Samuel Eliot ("Fraser's Report on the Common School System"), Mr. A. S. Hill ("The Character of Jonathan Swift"), Mr. E. L. Godkin ("Cooperation"), Mr. A. G. Browne ("Governor Andrew"), Mr. Sidney G. Fisher ("Nominating Conventions"), Mr. Lowell ("Witchcraft"), and the anonymous writer of a paper entitled "Railroad Management."

Mr. Lowell's article is unsigned, he being an editor of the review, but of course his hand is unmistakable. The article is not to be called anything like exhaustive or very well compacted. As a whole, it is not carefully finished, but it is carefully finished and fine—of course, again—as regards the style merely, and the wit of it leaves possible no doubt of its authorship. It may be described as telling stories drawn from many curious books on witchcraft, and has, perhaps, less to do with the book—Upham's "*Salem Witchcraft*"—which gave occasion for its production than one could wish. For who knows old or new New England so well as Mr. Lowell? and all the good and bad of old New England, and much of the good and bad of new New England, was in Salem in the end of the seventeenth century. But besides its wit and the out-of-the-way reading which it shows, and with which it makes the reader partially acquainted, the article has many remarks which display insight into human nature, moral and intellectual, and to read it without profit is almost as impossible as to read it without lively pleasure. And it is suggested to us to say, although we take Mr. Lowell's warning against scorning our ancestors, that one cannot look on this picture of what was believed, especially of what was consequently done, a couple of hundred years ago without taking hope for the future of the race, and something more of comfort in the spectacle of the present. This is not an entirely delightful age, but, after all, we shall never see Chief-Justice Chase and the other justices ordering to the rack old women charged with having assignations with Satan, and making Mr. Forney, say, howl in a neighboring chamber, as if in great torment, in order to terrify the accused into confession.

Mr. Howells has written two or three articles partly biographical, and in greater part critical, on modern Italian minor poetry—on modern Italian poetry, indeed, for it is not injustice to call it all minor poetry. In this latest essay we learn about Francesco Dall' Ongaro. Mr. Howells does not confine himself and us to sympathetic criticism—criticism acute sometimes as well as sympathetic—but gives translations of some of that series of poems in which Dall' Ongaro did for the Italian struggle of 1848 and 1859, and of to-day, for that matter, what Dobell and Alexander Smith did not nearly so well—hardly well at all—for the English Crimean war. Thus we are ourselves enabled to make a fair judgment of the poet—a judgment at any rate that is not too unfair; for whatever else poets lose in translation—prettinesses, beauties even—they do not lose much in weight in essentials. A pleasant and instructive volume might be made out of Mr. Howells's essays on these later poets, and the essay on Italian comedy which was not long since published.

Governor Andrew's fervent, large, simple nature is very well revealed in Mr. Browne's character of him, which will strongly confirm those who knew him in their high opinion of that able and good man. The article is very cleverly composed, if it is what it is by design, for its simplicity and the absence of pretension in it are quite in harmony with its subject-matter. It is to be hoped that Governor Andrew's biographer, in writing the forthcoming life, will draw largely upon Mr. Browne's recollections; and if Mr. Browne can do as well by the historical as he has done by the personal side of the governor's biography, it seems as if the life of his chief might have been as well done by him—though he is evidently an unpractised writer—as by any one that could have been selected.

Articles of more or less value, none of them uninteresting, but all of less interest than those previously mentioned, are that entitled "Boston," that on "Nominating Conventions," that on Mr. Fraser's book, and that on "Railroad Management." The one last mentioned is thus far valuable, that it gives some facts concerning the relative merits as regards speed, cost, and safety of American and foreign railroads. Having set his facts before us, the author ends with advice to the corporations, counselling them to make use of all inventions which will make fuel cheaper, improve the road-ways and give better machinery, and to adopt a system of regular promotion, only advancing such officials as have rendered faithful and efficient service. This is good advice, but such, we imagine, as the unaided average director must have already often given himself. Still, the article, though it does not treat of those questions touching railroads in which the general public are most interested, is sound and instructive, and by stockholders, at least, will be pronounced interesting. Mr. Adams's article is of more interest to Bostonians than other people; but we are all more or less Bostonians. He recounts the well-known story of the city's comparative decline, and recounts it in vigorous language, but he does more; he is a voice crying in the wilderness, but also he is a voice which directs to paths. Boston, he thinks, may yet be restored to a place among cosmopolitan cities, may be saved from impending provincialism, from becoming merely a seat of commerce with the Dominion of Canada, and an exchange for merely New England merchants. He believes that if there were to be appointed a board of commissioners, whose duty it should be to study the causes of Boston's commercial decadence, as Horace Mann and his coadjutors studied the failure of the Massachusetts school system, as the Harbor Commissioners have studied the condition of the harbor, as several other Massachusetts commissions have recently addressed themselves to various subjects, a way would be found to raise the city to her old rank. The efforts towards that end which have been made hitherto, he says, spasmodic, and therefore of no effect. A commission would, he thinks, find out precisely what is needed, and Boston could then go to work intelligently. It seems not impossible that something of the kind might be done. Bostonians have helped to make many other cities great, and certainly worse things could be wished for the country than that the influence of Boston should be increased.

Mr. Elliot's review of Mr. Fraser's excellent report is useful and readable. Mr. Elliot, while admitting the full weight of some, very successfully meets others of Mr. Fraser's objections to our school system—that one, for example, which urges that in American schools there is not enough of religion. We take a passage from a late account of the condition of children in a certain English mining district:

"Although it is painful to do so, we give a few illustrations of this ignorance on religious subjects, taken from the answers of children: God is 'a good man,' or the 'man in heaven.' 'I've heard of Christ, but don't know what it is.' 'Don't know where God lives, or about the world being made or who made it.' 'The Bible is not a book.' 'Have not heard of Christ.' 'Don't know if I am a Christian, or what it is or means.' 'The good and bad go to heaven alike.' 'Them as is wicked shall be worshipped.' 'When people die they are burned, their souls and their bodies.' 'All go into the pithole, where them be burned.' 'They never get out and live again. They have not a soul. I have not one.' 'The soul does not live afterwards. It's quite an end of people when they die.' 'The devil is a good person; don't know where he lives.' 'Christ was a wicked man.' 'Don't know what prayer means, or who it is said to.'"

In making this quotation, we are as far as possible from the spirit which indulges in a *tu quoque*. The kind and fair tone of Mr. Fraser's book would disarm even a disputant badly addicted to that substitute for argument. But one reads such things and sees a reason why English Christians may be more anxious than Americans can be to make their schools give definite instruction in religion, and for another thing, such statements of facts suggest the thought that any instruction whatever that a school teacher could give such unfortunate children must be, in a high degree, religious.

Mr. Fisher's essay is an attempt at answering the question which the Philadelphia Union League some months since propounded. Mr. Fisher would secure the nomination of good men by establishing boards of nominors. These he would have composed of native American white citizens, not less than forty years old, educated according to a standard fixed by law, possessed of a certain amount of property or income, regularly elected, sworn to the faithful performance of their duty, and liable to a stated punishment if convicted of unfaithfulness. Then he would have it ordained by law that any man wishing to hold office should send in his name to the nominating boards, and that then these should, or should not, present it to the electors. The adoption of this scheme is, of course, hopeless. If it could do what it offers to do, it would be rejected. But we are persuaded, had this State made it into law on the first of the current month, that before the first day

of January, 1869, Mr. Fernando Wood's name would be found in the list of New York nominors. To raise the voter is the way to get good men raised into office.

Mr. Adams Hill, in his article on Swift, earns the praise due to industry. A good deal—perhaps all—of what Swift's friends have said in his favor Mr. Hill states, and in good enough English. To what can justly be said against his client for the nonce Mr. Hill pays too little attention, and we get no complete view of the man. Indeed, the paper is so unjudicial in tone that one gets from its perusal not quite so much satisfaction as might be wished.

The literary notices in this number are none of them less than fairly good, and some are to be highly praised—as the review of Maudsley's "Physiology and Pathology of the Mind;" of Dr. Peabody's last work, and of the "Old Roman World" of Doctor John Lord. Doctor Lord, we should say, will hardly publish many more books. Moral indignation is not poured out by his reviewer; but facts are brought to bear on him in a way that makes one pity him almost more than a Christian ought to bear.

Recent Republications.—There is a good deal of very clever writing of the keen and witty controversial sort in English religious journals, and in the pamphlets which are constantly published by one or another sectarian champion. We, over here, however, most often do not understand the merits of the particular controversies, so the writing of which we speak is almost wholly unread among us. Indeed, it is not far from being unreadable; the learning and acumen of the writers are apt to seem to us as if wasted on things essentially trivial, or, at best, of much less than vital importance; the wit is in great part unintelligible except to the clerical reader well up in the quarrels which constitute the late history of the Church of England, and then, too, sharp as much of it is, it very often is marked by a sort of small spitefulness, an unmanly littleness and bitterness which are pretty sure to sicken the lay reader—the reader, at any rate, who is a layman of some other Church than the English Episcopal, and who has no special reason for hating a "Latitudinarian" more than he hates an "Attitudinarian" or a "Platitudinarian." There were many thousands of people in England who took extreme unchristian pleasure, we suppose, in a recent conundrum which asserted that Eve before she fell was Eve-angelical, but afterwards took to vestments; and there were thousands of others deeply pained and grieved by it. But nearly all Americans would have to take a course of Sundays with the young gentlemen up at St. Alban's before they would see the heinousness of it, or why it was thought to be a good joke. This pamphlet,* then, may perhaps be imagined dull in a high degree, when we say that it gives the substance of a debate which is supposed to have taken place in convocation between the Very Reverend Deans Blunt, Pliable, Pompos, Primitive, and Critical; the Venerable Archdeacons Jolly, Theory, and Chasuble; the Reverend Doctors Easy, Viewy, and Candor; and the Reverend Messrs. Lavender Kidds, Athanasius Benedict, the Professor of History, and the Professor of Theology. The pamphlet is, however, so far from being dull that it is most readable; readable, because of its humor, sometimes sly, sometimes—as whenever Lavender Kidds is brought on the stage—farcically broad, sometimes gravely ironical; because of its wit and its logical conclusiveness; and is worth reading, if for no other reason, because of its spirited, clear delineation of the muddle in which the Anglican Church now is because of its relations with the state, its mixed, compromising body of doctrines, and more particularly because of its relations with the Romish Church of past and present history.

The question proposed for discussion on the first day of debate relates to the doctrine of authority:

DR. EASY rose to propose the question of which he had given notice at the previous sitting of Convocation: "Would it be considered heresy in the Church of England to deny the existence of God?" It had occurred to him that he should perhaps adopt a form more convenient for the present debate, if he put the question thus: "Would a clergyman, openly teaching that there was no God, be liable to suspension?"

ARCHDEACON JOLLY thought not. What the Church of England especially prided herself upon was the breadth of her views. No view could be broader than the one just stated, and therefore none more likely to meet with the sanction of the Privy Council, which, he apprehended, was the real point to be kept in view in the discussion of this interesting question. (Hear, hear.)

DEAN BLUNT concurred in the opinion that Breadth and the Privy Council were kindred ideas. Still, it might be asked, could even the doctrinal elasticity of that tribunal become sufficiently expansive to embrace

* "The Comedy of Convocation in the English Church. In Two Scenes." Edited by Archdeacon Chasuble, D.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1868.

the enormous hypothesis of his learned friend? He ventured to think that it could. Let it be supposed that some clergyman of the Church of England—say the Archbishop of Canterbury—should publicly teach that there was no God. The case being brought before the Privy Council, it might be reasonably assumed that that supreme Arbiter of Anglican doctrine would deliver some such judgment as the following:

"We find that the Church of England is not opposed to the existence of a God. At the same time, we cannot overlook the fact that the nineteenth Article, in affirming that all churches, even the Apostolic, have erred in matters of faith, obviously implies that the Church of England may err also in the same way. Therefore the Church of England may err in teaching that there is a God. We conclude that whilst, on the one hand, the Archbishop has taken an extreme or one-sided view of the teaching of the Church, on the other, for the reason assigned, it is undoubtedly open to every clergyman either to believe in or to deny the existence of a God."

We have no space to do more than indicate the line of argument. The discordant views brought forward by the various speakers are shown to be perfectly incapable of reconciliation. On the second day of debate the question under consideration is the nature of Holy Orders in the Church of England—a question neither so interesting in itself nor so conclusively

answered as the one which was discussed on the preceding day. Lastly, we have some satirical portraits of various kinds of clergymen—the "high and dry," the "sensational," the "ritualist," the "amatory," and so on, and they are put before us at least as vividly as in the works of the novelists and social essayists to whom they have been a prey for several years past. On the whole we do not know why "Anglo-Catholics," or "Ritualists," or "Bible Episcopalians," or clerical "Broad Churchmen," "High Churchmen," "Low Churchmen," or other Churchmen should be at all pleased with the pamphlet, except as each may see the others depicted in it. The Anglican Establishment generally—as outsiders will think—is very successfully attacked in it. The Romish case as against other Protestant communions the author does not present. We have not space to say so much about the pamphlet, nor to let it say so much about itself, as we willingly would; but we expect for it a general perusal. As for its authorship, we do not know to whom to attribute it. Father Newman has been credited with it, and need not, so far as his reputation is concerned, resent the imputation. It is not his, we should say, and we know too little of late English Catholics to even conjecture to whom belongs the honor of producing so clever a satire.

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